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# 1994

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No. SIXTEEN

DEC.

A WARREN MAGAZINE

**THE  
APOCALYPSE  
WAS OVER!**

**NOW, A BRAVE  
NEW WORLD  
LAY AHEAD!**



**IN A WORLD  
IMMERSED  
IN "AGONY!"**



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FOR EXCITING ADVENTURES FROM THE DISCO  
TO THE OUTER LIMITS OF SPACE!



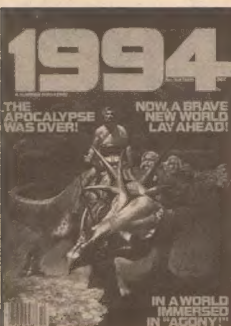
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1994 MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR, IN FEBRUARY, APRIL, JUNE, AUGUST, OCTOBER AND DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, EDITORIAL SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

TELEPHONE (212) 693-6050  
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USPS 501-490

# 1994

NUMBER SIXTEEN

DECEMBER 1980



## TELEMETRY 4

Well read it and weep! Ghita is no more! This series is over and all our fans think that's horrid! But fear not, we have lots more in store!



## SCI-FI WRITER 5

Rimjobbe was the greatest Sci-Fi writer the world had ever seen! He was also the last thing any up standing alien would want in space!



## DOG STAR 14

Nebbie was the only dog on Hoyle. He was Cable's best friend! Well, Cable thought he was a dog. Too bad he was the only one who did!



## AGONY 22

Suddenly I heard the screams of agony coming from the Pavilion of Torture! But the worst was yet to come... the victims loved it!



## DOOMSDAY 31

All Earth had become a stinking cesspool! Everyone was going to die, and yet everyone held to one last hope to see them through!



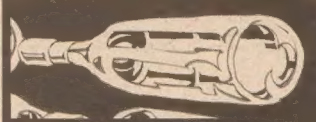
## STARFIRE SAGA 43

The nameless world was for the criminally insane! It wasn't ready for the blaze of destruction about to be wrought by Steamer Starfire!



## BABY 51

Baby was the oldest object in the universe! Yet, this relic of the Big Bang had the disgusting habit of eating up tough UNICORN agents!



## FRUIT 63

Wine that had been bottled 2 years ago was now 12 years old! Every one was hopping mad and this was to be Rudy Merwyn's worst case!

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# incoming telemetry



## A2-120 #1!

I picked up 1994 #15 because I was totally blown away by the cover. That little green starry-eyed alien trodding through the Dantesque otherworldly landscape was like something out of a wild, hallucinogenic dream. It made me feel a sort of kinship with your artist, A2-120. He and I smoke the same kind of shit!

**JAME POLK**  
Lake Wales, Fla.

The story "1894" in 1994 #15 was not much of a story. But it was an almost religious experience.

All one has to do is look at the first page of "1894" to realize that artist Alex Nino was smoking something mighty potent when he sat down at his drawing board to work on this little goody. The man's mind had to be gone, floating somewhere in the cosmic void of consciousness to have dreamt up some of the hallucinatory images that proliferate throughout "1894."

Nino is unquestionably a demented genius. If the Federal Drug Administration ever finds out about him, they'll ban his art as the most dangerous hallucinogen since LSD.

**CARY ELKONE**  
Newport, N.H.

## GHITA UNBOUND

I enjoyed 1994 #15, thoroughly. The balance of one extra-length lead-off story followed up by five shorter tales is a good one that should be maintained.

I was disturbed, however, that there was no new installment of Frank Thorne's excellent Ghita of Alizarr series. Don't tell me that Ghita, after concluding her initial adventure, is to suffer the same cancelled obscurity as Richard Corben's "Mutant World"? 1994 has had too many excellent features which have simply been dropped after a number of issues.

Please don't let Ghita become just one more 1994 cancellation.

**BARTON CONTRETTI**  
Lamar, Mo.

Ghita? Cancelled? No way, Barton! The blonde bombshell is merely taking a two-issue hiatus to allow writer/artist Frank Thorne the opportunity to get ahead of deadline. Her next thrill-packed adventure, "The Unicorn of Azza," begins in our very next issue!



## NEBRES NO LONGER CARES

I've been reading "The Starfire Saga" since it began in issue #9 of 1994. And since that time I've watched with some dismay as the quality of the continuing series has steadily deteriorated.

Oh, I'm not criticising the feature's storyline. As far as I'm concerned, editor/author Will Richardson is doing an excellent job. The story is fast-paced, exciting, well-plotted, and the characterization is excellent.

My chief complaint lies with artist Rudy Nebres. It's clear to me that Nebres no longer gives a damn about his work. He's turning in pages that are lackluster, unfinished, old-fashioned and downright bad! To see an artist with Nebres' talents producing such inferior work infuriates me to no end. I am outraged that this hack is single-handedly eroding the otherwise high quality of 1994.

It's obvious that Nebres no longer cares about his art, but is merely churning out as many pages as he can in the shortest possible time...for the money.

**CAROL GUERNSEY**  
Glouster, Ohio

## SPADE'S MADE IN THE SHADE

"Spearchucker Spade" is the greatest thing to happen to comics since the invention of super heroes. The character is unique, original, exciting and very, very funny.

Jim Warren will be the biggest dipshit who ever walked this planet if he doesn't begin production on a Spearchucker Spade motion picture immediately! The character is a natural comeback vehicle for comedian Richard Pryor. Such a project would out-box office the Star Wars movies for sure.

**SHELLY FREDERICK**  
Ainsworth, Neb.

"Spearchucker Spade!" I loved it! It was the funniest thing I've ever read!

**DALE EUFALA**  
Yarnell, Ariz.

As I began reading "Spearchucker Spade," the lead off-feature in 1994 #15, artist Alex Nino's art proved to be both distracting and disturbing to me. It simply was not the same high quality illustration that I've been used to seeing in previous issues of the magazine.

Yet, as I continued to read, Nino's offbeat rendering blended so well with Will Richardson's excellent text, that I found myself thoroughly engrossed and actually concerned for the title character Spearchucker Spade. By the story's end, I was hanging on every panel, every wisp of dialogue. I was mesmerized and loving every minute of it.

It made me realize that one should not always judge a story by its art. For although Nino's work was not the best he has ever produced for 1994 magazine, Spearchucker, without a doubt, will be the Nino-rendered story I will most fondly remember for the rest of my life.

**TERI DANIELSON**  
Oroville, Calif.

## BABY MAKES ZERO

I'm really pissed off, man! I've been reading the rather tedious "Baby Makes Three" for three issues now. And I'm getting fucking tired of waiting for something to happen!

Kevin Duane's story is so goddamn boring that it has come dangerously close to putting me to sleep. There is virtually no action, or suspense in the story whatsoever, and the plot, though simplistic, drags on ad infinitum.

I hope this boring piece of trivial shit ends soon. I think I'll go screaming zonkers if I have to suffer through another six months of Duane's self-indulgent ramblings.

**KEITH PROSSER**  
Wenatchee, Wash.

Whoever told Kevin Duane that he could write should be strung up by his mentally retarded gonads. I have never read a duller more dreary, monotonous story than "Baby Makes Three."

Duane is not only ignorant of what constitutes a good comic, he is uneducated in the basic tenets of story structure, as well.

If the occasion ever arises (and I thoroughly doubt that it will) where I see Duane's name in print again, I will carefully avoid his work as I would a plague.

**ERIN POTOSI**  
Pavillion, N.Y.



# sci-fi writer

**Science Fiction Conventions.** A place where fans and professionals can mingle as near equals! A place where the fan can get his rocks off by coming, face to face, with his favorite...

"...and then the redhaired albino midget, Chip, turned to his pooch Tramp, and said, 'Thanks, boy. I know how much Ernie and Uncle Charlie meant to you!' Tramp blushed. 'Pshaw,' he whined, 'What are friends for?'"

Yeaaa,  
Rimmjobbe!

More!  
More!!

Wow! The only  
thing better than  
reading a Penrose W.  
Rimmjobbe story...

...is to hear  
Penrose W. Rimmjobbe  
read a Penrose W.  
Rimmjobbe

Okay, you jizzum-fingered  
pissheads, hold it down! I know  
that half of you creamed in your jeans  
listening to my poetically prolific  
prose. But if you want to really show  
your appreciation, you'll haul ass  
down to the dealers' room  
and buy my books!

Don't delay!  
Do it today! The  
messianic Penrose W.  
Rimmjobbe commands it!

So you're  
Penrose W. Rimmjobbe,  
huh? Big shit!

Oh, boy!  
Here we go  
again!

God! I hate  
these convention  
readings! Being  
that high up makes  
my nose bleed



Gak! Wish this guy'd use jock spray! \*Phew!\* His crotch smells like the insides of a television producer's brain cavity!

Watch it, sperm-brain. Nobody knew you'd be here today so they didn't put any newspapers on the floor!



Thank God, I'm as impressive physically as I am intellectually!

Not short-changing, of course, the importance of the brass knuckles I carry for such occasions!



Mother!

Ooohhh Mr. Rimmjobbe!

I'd enthusiastically screw-tanize your tail, anytime, sweetnubs! Why don't we go up to my room and get... comfortable!





Moments later in the quaint little hotel room, the minuscule mite of literary mundanity mesmerizes the slug-minded groupie with his raving masculinity!

Ooooh! Ahhhh!  
More! More!

Oh, baby!  
You get me **higher**  
than I've ever been  
before!

Oh,  
Penrose...!

Shit! God damned  
telephone! Always  
interrupting me at  
these crucial  
moments!

And that lousy  
fanzine said he was  
a writer with balls!  
Sheeeit!

Penrose W. Rimmjobbe,  
writer, genius, and part-  
time tax consultant,  
speaking!

This isa Deana  
Penaloenza, the  
multia millionairess  
moviea producera!

I hearda you  
reads a story,  
and I likea toa buy  
it! And makea moviea!  
'Course ita havea be  
changa bita for mya  
leading man...  
Dona Knottse!

Why you Fascist  
wop faggot. If you  
try to change just  
one word, I'll—!

I paya  
you threea  
milliona  
bucks fora  
the righte!

Get out your  
eraser, baby! I'm  
on my way!

Rimmjobbe  
fell for our  
story. He is about  
to fall into our  
clutches!

And with Penrose  
W. Rimmjobbe in our  
power the entire  
Earth is doomed!

Hold that elevator!  
The great and finally  
wealthy Penrose W.  
Rimmjobbe is comin'  
through!

RINNG!

Gad! look at these ugly creeps! They must be going to a costume party or something! What nerds! They're shorter than me!



All my life I've always been shorter than **everybody**! I've been the target of every short joke on record!

And now...! I shouldn't really! But I may never get another chance...!

Hey, shrimps! How do you like smelling everybody's farts all day? Yuck! Yuck!

And dig those crazy ears! Don't wiggle 'em, son... you may just find yourself airborne! Hahaha!

What's wrong, runt? Can't you hear through those elephantine e-e-!

Ears!? Good god! They're real!

And...and that...! That's a real ray gun ...i- isn't \*gulp!\* it?

Indeed it is, Mr. Rimmjobbe! And this is a real ray blast!

**BZZZZZZT!**

Moooooother!







Ah ha! I see your little game now! You're from that dumb Jap film company! Well, mister slanty-eyes...my answer stays the same!

No way am I going to sell you the film rights to my classic "Snow White Meets the Moon Man!"



You guys must've been smoking some pretty good shit! Tell you what! Cut me in for a piece, and I'll show you how I pick up little girls in Beverly Hills playgrounds!

You do not take us seriously, Rimmjobbe!

We are too few to conquer you with force. But there are other ways! Earthlings are mesmerized by television. They worship those plasticine personalities whose visage appears upon the idiotube!

If we were to gain control over an individual with a strong enough personality and place him upon the tube, he would be able to convince the people to welcome us with open arms!

After searching the world over we are convinced you are our man! After all, you have convinced millions that your mindless scribbles are great literature!

Do not attempt to struggle, Mr. Rimmjobbe. You are our prisoner.

So sorry! We are not Nipponese film makers, Mr. Rimmjobbe. Nor are we representatives of any Earthly concern!

We are from planet Esccon! We intend to conquer your planet and rule its natives with an iron hand! And you, Mr. Rimmjobbe, are the weapon we will use to accomplish the foul deed!

But I don't plan to!

My god! It could work! If I went along, that is!

We expected resistance, and have planned for it. We will crumble your resistance and destroy your will while completely reprogramming your entire way of thinking!



And to do that, we have for your viewing pleasure the complete series tapes of Gilligan's Island and The Newlywed Game!

God help me! Noooo!

I must find a way to stop these monsters... for mom, apple pie, and my royalties! But how?

Luckily these creeps don't know about my special talents as the greatest escape artist who ever lived! Only one of my myriad of esoteric skills!

Ah ha! Free at last!

Rimmjobbe! he's escaping!

Stop him before he reveals our plan!

Ooooooh, looky there! Isn't that Penrose W. Rimmjobbe!?

He must be competing in the costume jamboree this year!

He won't win in that tacky rag! Isaac Vodkanov wore the very same gown last year!

Just like Rimmjobbe to copy him!

Out of my way, you insidious cretins! Can't you see that a man's about to be vaporized?!

Stop the effervescent Earthian! He cannot be allowed to escape!

He must not be allowed to tell of our pernicious plan!

If we can't capture him then we'll have to kill him!



K-kill me!? Those  
sludge-sucking sycophants are  
going to k-kill me!?

I've  
got to  
find a  
place to  
hide!

This life-sized  
replica of Kling Dong  
is perfect!

They'll  
never think  
to look for  
the perspi-  
cacious  
Penrose W.  
Rimmjobbe  
up here!

BA-WOOOM!

Then  
again...

Gaaa! Lucky for  
me this chandelier  
was here! But I'm a  
sitting pigeon for  
those aliens and their  
vaporizers! I've got  
to think of a way out  
of this mess...  
and fast!

This time he's  
pretending to flee  
from a band of blas-  
phemously blood-lusting  
men from Mars!

That Rimmjobbe!  
He'll do anything  
for attention!

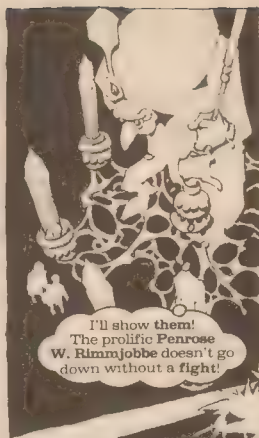
Hey! What's  
all the  
commotion?

It's Penrose W.  
Rimmjobbe...putting on  
his usual unscheduled  
convention show!

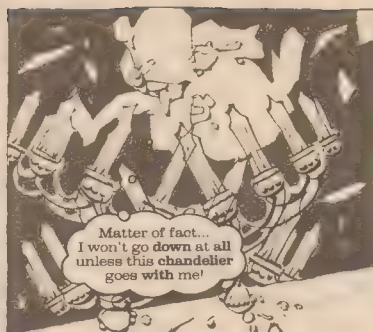
THE  
GREAT  
DONG  
JUNE 21



Those perfidiously  
conniving canal-diggers  
...they're right below  
me...getting ready to  
singe my short hairs!



I'll show them!  
The prolific Penrose  
W. Rimmjobbe doesn't go  
down without a fight!



Matter of fact...  
I won't go down at all  
unless this chandelier  
goes with me!



Hot damn!  
I don't believe  
it! Penrose W.  
Rimmjobbe just  
dive bombed  
those poor  
science fiction  
fans!

It's the  
perfect weapon  
with which to  
thwart war-  
mongering hordes  
from the stars!



Bombs  
away!




SPAKKT!




Good God!  
They...They're  
dead!!

Mangled  
beyond human  
recognition!  
\*Gasp!\*







Never fear, my faint-hearted followers! I have saved you all from the dastardly designs of these foul-hearted fiends!




I, the perseverant Penrose W. Rimmjobbe have just squashed an insidious invasion of our good green Earth by a horde of Godless alien invaders from another galaxy!




Allen invaders, eh? Without these masks, these kids look as American as John Wayne. And equally as dead!




Sorry, Rimmjobbe... it looks like you just wiped out the whole Poughkeepsie chapter of your fan club!




Stop! Wait! You... you don't understand! I'm Penrose W. Rimmjobbe! Generative genius, miniature messiah... part time hero!




If y'ask me, Marty, this science fiction crap rots more minds than masturbation and marijuana combined!




K-kids!? B-but...that can't be! They are aliens! I know they are!




Eighty years, your honor? Yeah...that should be long enough! The aliens won't be able to get to me until then! And I won't have to grind out that science fiction tripe just to pay the rent! I'll be able to write a real book!



New York Times Bestseller Lists... here I come!



Well, what do you think, Cranfranz? Did we save the world from the infectious brain rot spread by the illiterary ramblings of the egomaniacal Penrose W. Rimmjobbe?



It was a tremendous sacrifice, my brother...but the Earthians should thank us for dressing up those kids in our spare space gear, and sacrificing them so the predacious pen of Penrose W. Rimmjobbe will be silenced forever!

end

# DOG STAR

There goes the neighborhood, Nebbie! Once you start lettin' them kind in, your property values turns t' shit!

Let's get back t' our stake, boy. If the outworlders are gonna move in, I want to close up the mine before they go claimjumpin' us!

What's the matter, Neb? You don't like them jumpers any more'n I do, eh?

Calm down, boy! You're actin' awful strange. I only seen you this way when we was about t' be attacked by that Visevian rectum-reamer!

Member when we fought a whole herd of 'em, boy? Wooo, was that some day, eh? Course you were just a pup back then!

Seems like since I found you, all we been doin' is tryin' t' keep each other alive.

I sure was surprised to find a puppy dog way out here! Guess I never will find out how in the hell y' got here!

Tain't important, though! All that matters is we got each other, right, boy?

Shit! Another cave in!

The mineshaft must'a collapsed while we was out hikin', boy! Guess it saves us th' trouble of closin' 'er up!

So that's what you were tryin' t' tell me, eh, boy!? I shoulda known!

That ripper would have chewed me into tiny chunks if you hadn't warned me in time, Neb. I thank y' kindly!

THAKOW!

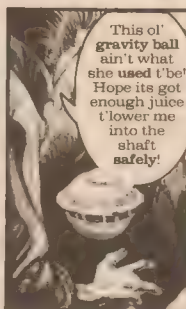
Gaaaa! Jeezus!

ROOOO! GRRRR!





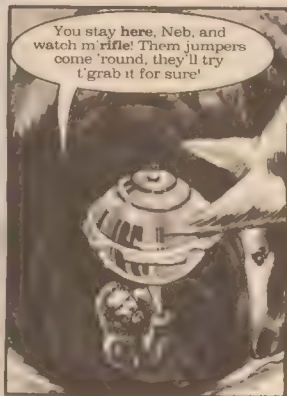
We still gotta go down the air shaft though, an' get th' gear! Then we'll close it up, too!



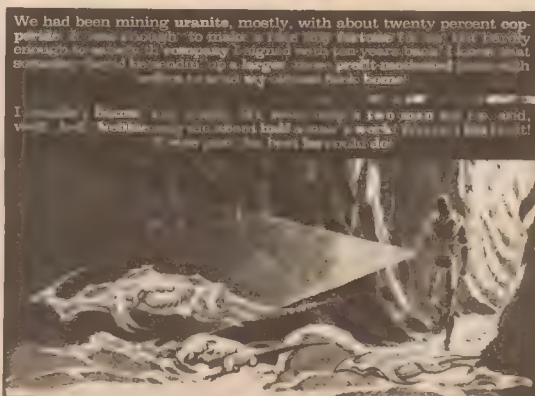
This ol' gravity ball ain't what she used t'be! Hope its got enough juice t'lower me into the shaft safely!



At least she's floatin' easy enough!

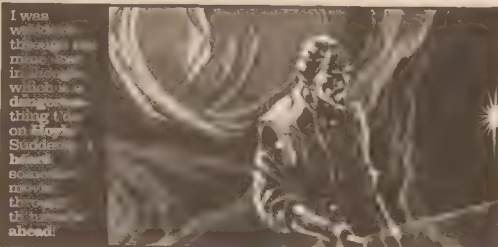


You stay here, Neb, and watch m' rifle! Them jumpers come 'round, they'll try t'grab it for sure!

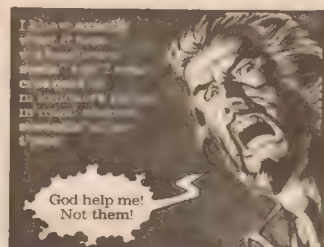


We had been mining uranite, mostly, with about twenty percent copperate. It was enough to make a fine big fortune for me, but barely enough to make a decent living for my poor wife. I know that because I had been up a long time, and I had been up a long time.

I had been up a long time, and I had been up a long time. I had been up a long time, and I had been up a long time.



I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine. I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine.



God help me! Not them!



Jellies! An' my rifle is topside! Got t'run for the grav-ball!

There are few sights on Hoyle which can give the spin and dash your blood like a school fish. It's a sight to see a school of fish in a school of fish. It's a sight to see a school of fish in a school of fish.



My heart throbbed agonizingly as my mind raced through images of the things that were out there. I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine. I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine.

Th'light! They won't follow me into the light! Gotta get up the grav-ball!



I glanced up to see how far I had to go. I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine. I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine.

It's alright, Neb. I'm safe now, boy! Just a ways more t'go!



It was just my luck that the grav-ball was in the mine. I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine. I was looking through the mine, and I was looking through the mine.

N-noo!



Fuck!



Right then and there, with them  
monsters surrounding me, I  
figured it was my time! But I'd  
forgotten 'bout Nebbie!

**It's time to  
change sides,  
as phantoms  
burn of some  
water glassed.  
And because they  
all tie back:  
needed to be  
for hands as  
in blast!**

That'a way, Nebbie!  
We'll **whip** these bastards  
clean through!

[illegible]

God damn  
slime beasts!  
I'll kill every  
one'a you!

We fought with madness. Frenziedly. Hating.  
 Nothing. These strangers of the darkness. Their  
 eyes were clear as light. And their bodies  
 were made of light. And they were  
 all that was left of the world.

It was bad! Real bad! I could feel do' warm vulgin' through m' body. My skin was wit' pores open AS wide as the road to the front door. I was glowin' like a light bulb. I was itchin' so bad I had to yawn, sneeze or blow nose. More and more NOB

Then it was over! Their glows were snuffed! We were the victors. We were exhausted, in pain, but we crawled out of the mine and returned not only back to camp...home!

We did it, boy!  
We kicked their limp  
asses clear into the  
next world!

When we got back t'our shack, we had another surprise. A tallby-tallby was by







# AGONY

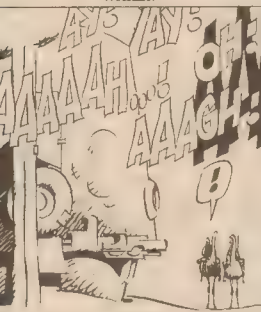
The circumstances which brought me to the outskirts of the supposedly revered city of Dictonia, were both **strange** and irrelevant and truly not an integral part of my tale at all! Suffice it to say that I found myself upon a dusty and dirty trail, half highway, half sewer, in the company of **Father Darg**, chief abbot of the religious order of **Destructucianos**, The Robot Monks of Dictonia!

That which we encountered upon entering the city was so strange and horrible that the mere **thought** of it makes the hairs on my crotch curl with revulsion!

We had just stopped near the ruins of an old viaduct with the idea of resting for awhile before continuing our pilgrimage. The odd building nearest to us, I confused at first with an ancient gasoline station. I was soon to learn, however, that I could not have been more in **error**!



For, suddenly, we heard horrible tormented cries coming from within!



Author & Illustrator: CARLOS GIMENEZ

Father, I can see that those bone-wrenching screams of torment do absolutely nothing to phase you! But I think that **someone** is being tortured or killed in that weird building over there!

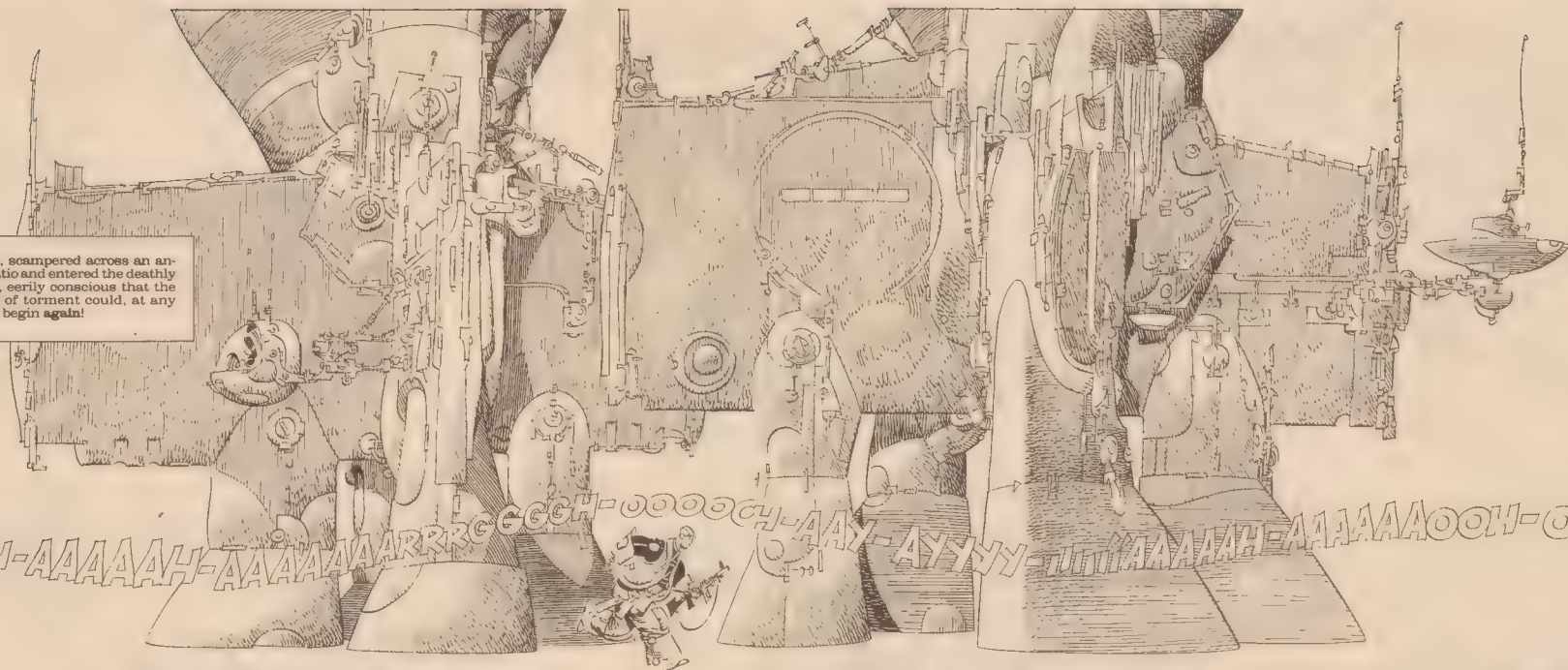


I waited a moment for Father Darg's reply, but soon grew chilled with his stony silence and cold indifference. In exasperation I leaped from my robo-quadruped and ran toward the source of the screams

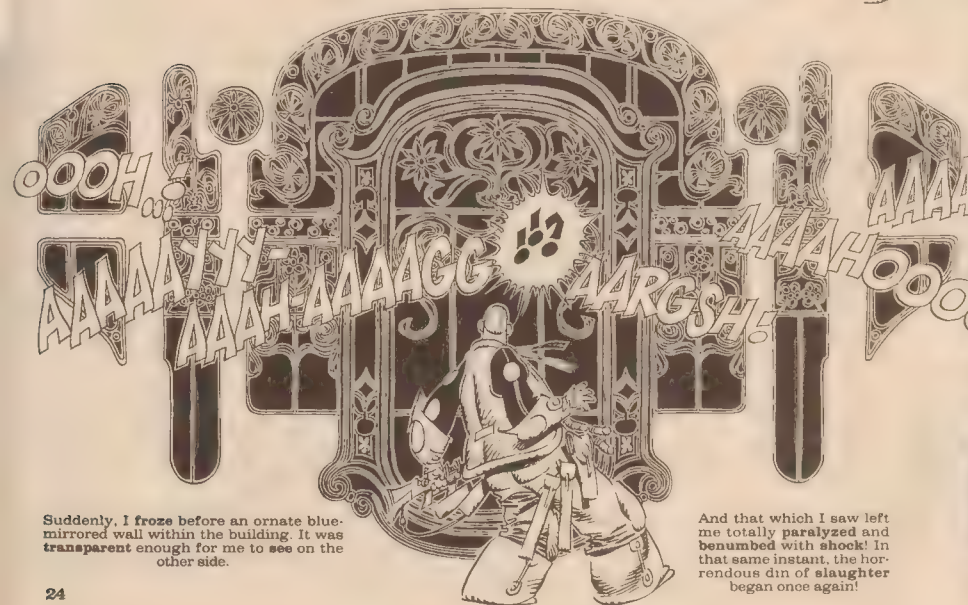




I rounded a corner, scampered across an ancient, crumbling patio and entered the deathly quiet construction, eerily conscious that the horrifying sounds of torment could, at any time, begin again!

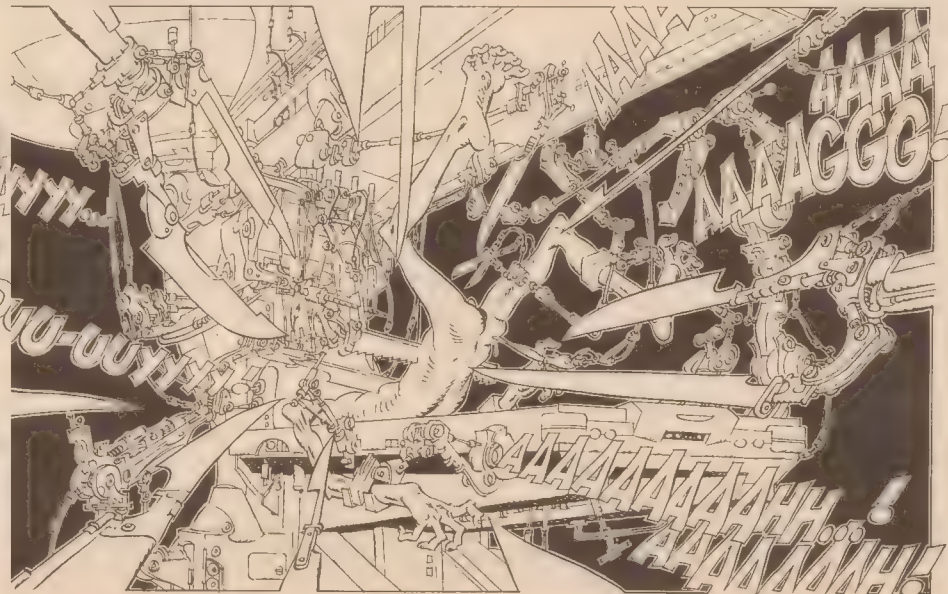


AAAAAAAAAH-AAAAAH-AAAAAAARRRGGGGH-OOOOOCH-AAA-AYNY-UTTAALAH-AAAAAAOOH-OOOH



Suddenly, I froze before an ornate blue-mirrored wall within the building. It was transparent enough for me to see on the other side.

And that which I saw left me totally paralyzed and benumbed with shock! In that same instant, the horrendous din of slaughter began once again!







I don't know how long I stood there, petrified by the horror, when I realized that the abominable tableau had ended! I noticed then that Father Darg was at my side, cold and immobile, like an expressionless, unfeeling statue!

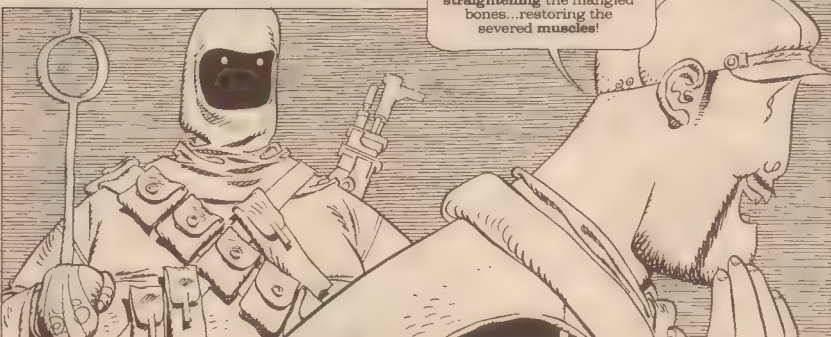
It was obvious that he had no feelings about the grossly diabolic mutilation whatsoever!

What's happening here, father? What kind of insane, place is this?



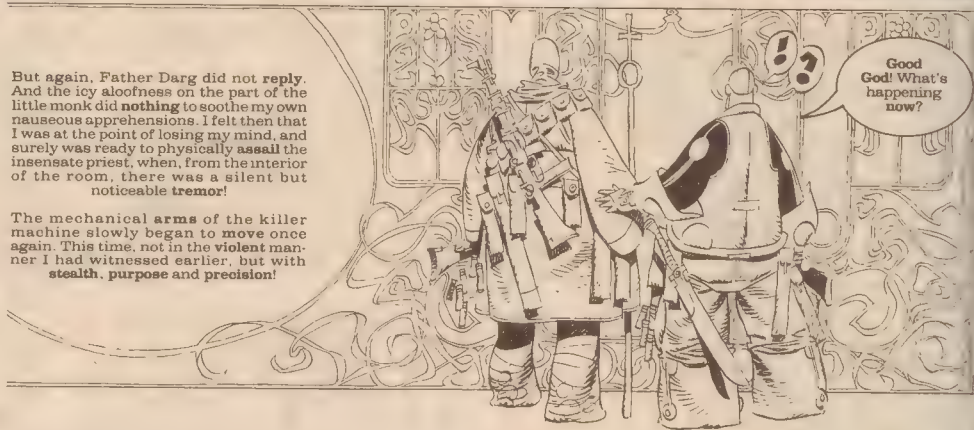
I...I don't believe it! That...that machine! It's washing and cleaning the bloody corpse...! It's straightening the mangled bones...restoring the severed muscles!

What appeared before to be the brutal appendages of a mad butcher, were now grotesquely imitating the expert hands of an experienced surgeon!



But again, Father Darg did not reply. And the icy aloofness on the part of the little monk did nothing to soothe my own nauseous apprehensions. I felt then that I was at the point of losing my mind, and surely was ready to physically assail the insensate priest, when, from the interior of the room, there was a silent but noticeable tremor!

The mechanical arms of the killer machine slowly began to move once again. This time, not in the violent manner I had witnessed earlier, but with stealth, purpose and precision!

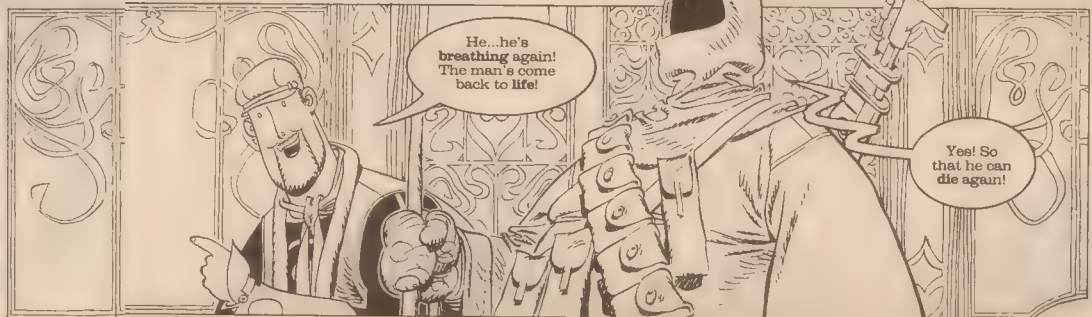


Good God! What's happening now?

The machine worked rapidly and skillfully! Before my very eyes the opened wounds of the victim healed and disappeared without leaving so much as a single scar! The chest cavity gently heaved with life...and slowly, the body which had been so badly mutilated only moments before, began to move!

He...he's breathing again! The man's come back to life!

Yes! So that he can die again!





To die again? I didn't understand it...any of it! But I continued to watch the poor man, so seemingly helpless under the maniacal limbs of the killer machine! And I was simply not prepared for what happened next!

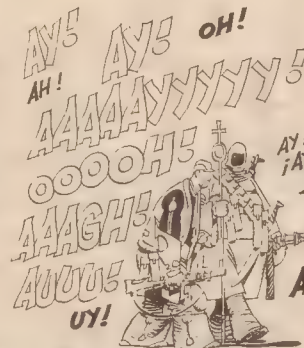
Scarcely had he been revived, opened his eyes and looked around, than did he reach for a small silver ring that hung near his face!

He pulled the ring, deliberately, wearing an odd, twisted smile etched almost ecstatically into his odd twisted features!

And again the killer machine heaved at him, with all of the pent-up fury of a crazed homicidal assassin!

My stupor was so profound that I rather passively allowed myself to be conducted toward our saddled machines. And, as though through an ethereal mist, the catatonic voice of the monk seemed to follow me!

This pavilion is used as a public convenience where torture is openly practiced! Whosoever desires, can live out his own death and religiously savor the sensation of being completely overwhelmed by fear! Thanks to a neurological transfer of emotions, the sensation of pain is converted into a most sensual feeling of ecstasy! And those who emerge from the procedure unfilled are allowed to kill themselves again and again...until they get it right!



OH!  
AAAAAAUH! AH!  
AY! AY!



Masochist!

end

# WARREN MAGAZINES

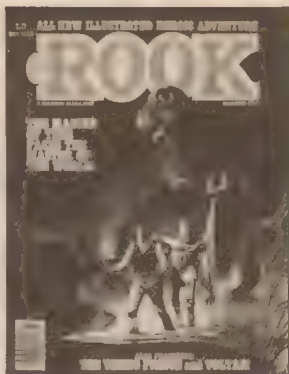
THE NEW AGE OF ILLUSTRATED EPIC  
ADVENTURE IS READY FOR DELIVERY NOW!



**VAMPIRELLA #92:** Vampirella battles the ultimate evil as her new roommate, Cryssie Collins stands revealed as a shape changing demoness! Also Bruce Jones and Aureleon in "That Future Long Ago!" Also Will Richardson and Jose Ortiz in "Second Coming!"



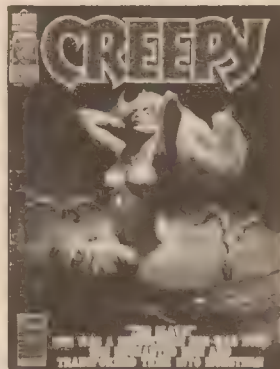
**EERIE #117:** A spectacular issue containing the conclusion to "Cagim: the City of Fire." Also the conclusion to the incredible saga of Bruce Bloodletter in "The Jalopy Scam!" Plus the conclusion of the mind boggling "Haxtur." All this and more!



**ROOK #5:** Restin Dane, the master of Time, clashes with Robar the Conqueror, the Master of the World! Also featuring Jose Ortiz' mind-boggling adventure epic, The Viking Prince! Finally, there is Alfredo Alcalá's famous barbarian adventure fantasy, Volter the Incredible!



**FAMOUS MONSTERS #169:** The most provocative magazine in all filmdom unleashes The Hearse, Close Encounters of A Weird Kind, Shape of Things to Come, Lord of the Sunword, Alien on Earth, and more! All this plus our usual feature packed departments to tantalize you!



**CREEPY #123:** Included are such outstanding artists as Alex Toth in "Kiss of the Plague", Mayerik and Nebres in "Always Leave 'Em Laughing" and such stellar writers as Doug Moench, Michael Fleischer, Nicola Cuti and much more in this spectacular issue!

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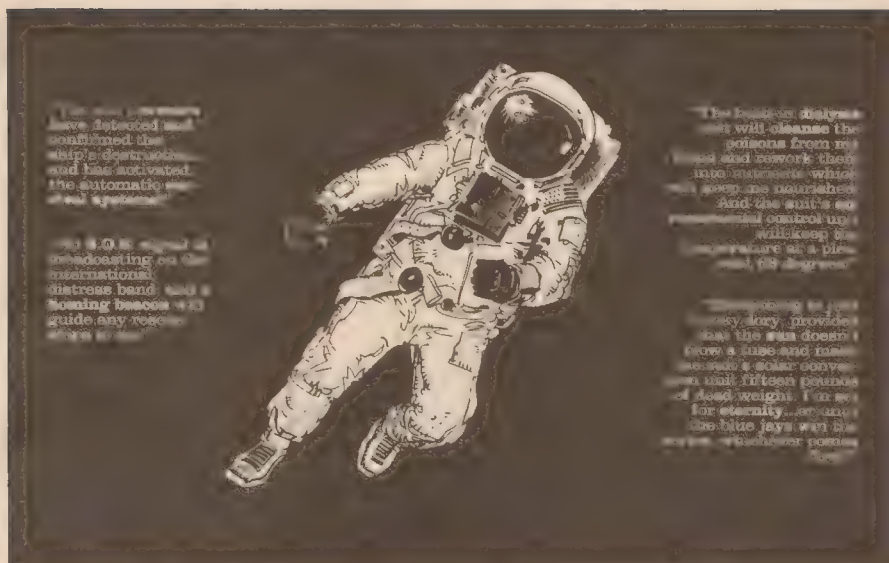
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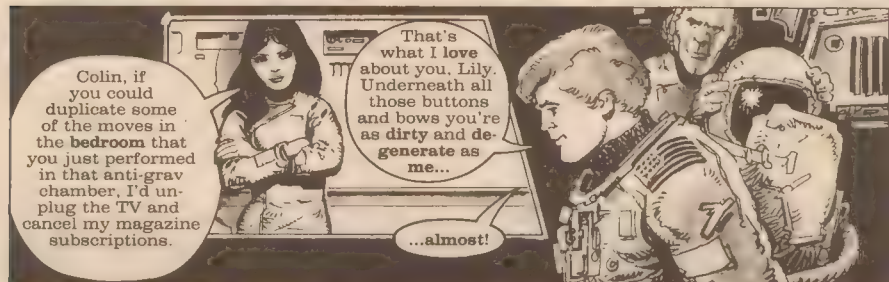
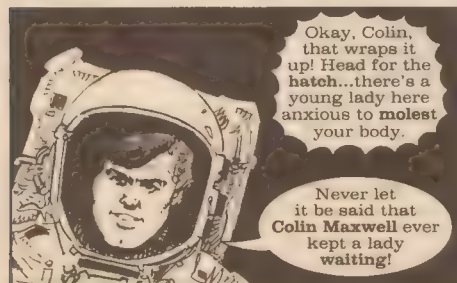
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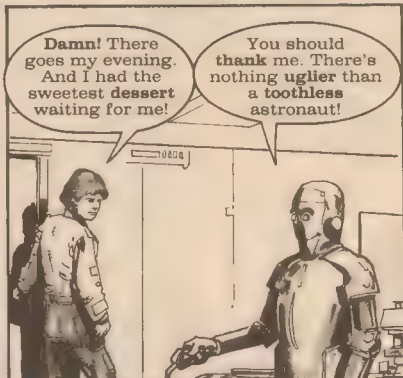
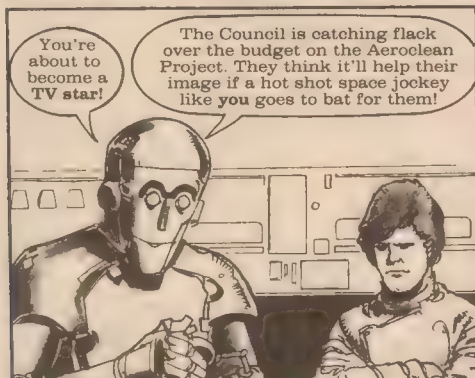
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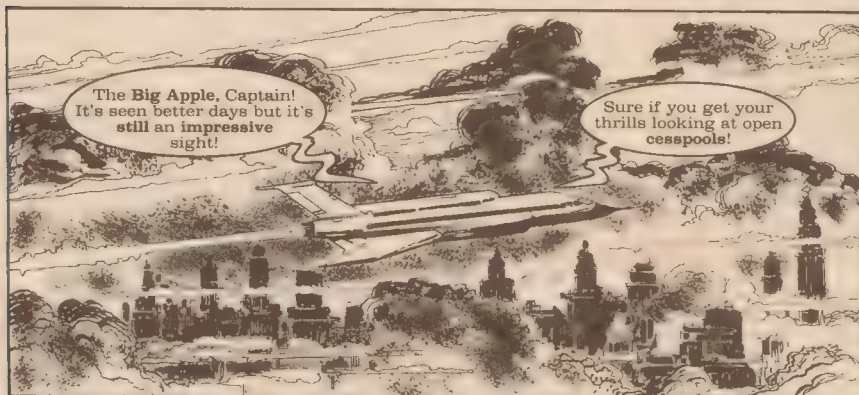


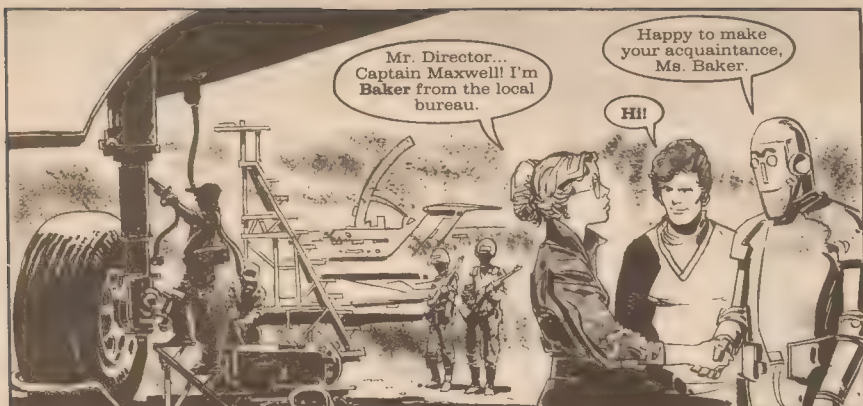
# THE DAY AFTER DOOMS DAY!











Mr. Director...  
Captain Maxwell! I'm  
Baker from the local  
bureau.

Happy to make  
your acquaintance,  
Ms. Baker.

Hi!

My assistants  
will take care  
of your things  
gentlemen.  
Please follow  
me. I've  
reserved a  
direct tunnel  
to the tele-  
vision station.

I was rather hoping  
that we might drive  
through the streets!

That would be  
much too dangerous,  
Mr. Director. We've been  
experiencing food riots  
due to another breakdown  
in the delivery system.

The National  
Guard has been  
called in but  
things are still  
hairy!

I've heard rumors  
that there's a growing  
black market for human  
flesh in the cities.

Rumors, Captain.  
Rumors not supported  
by fact!

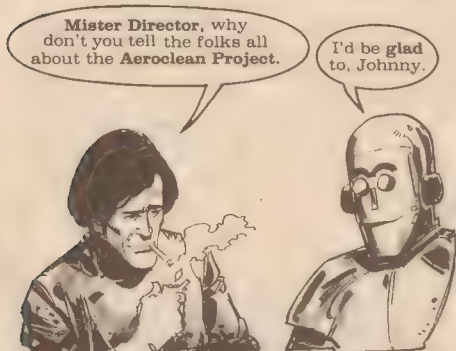
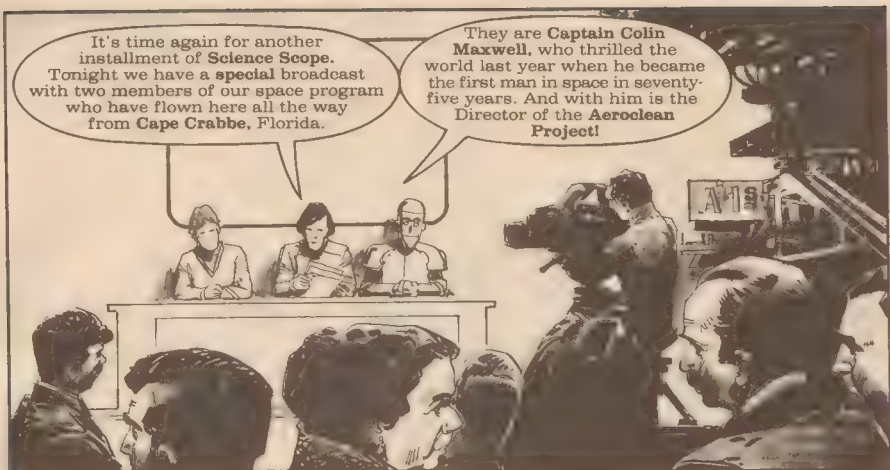
Where there's  
smoke there's fire,  
Ms. Baker...!

I'll give you a bit  
of advice, Cap-  
tain. If you're  
squeamish  
then you might  
be better off not  
asking about  
the beef served  
at tonight's buf-  
fet!

We city dwellers aren't as privileged  
as you V.I.P.'s! We don't live in air-conditioned  
comfort in underground cities. We don't get to  
breathe cleansed air. We don't eat  
fresh farmed food...!

When you live  
your life inhaling  
colored gunk, and  
ingesting syntec  
food made from  
coal and plastics,  
you don't ask what  
kind of meat it is  
when you get a  
chance to eat  
some!

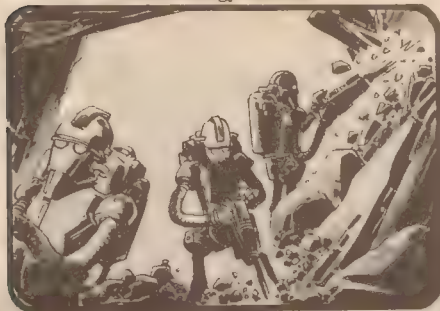




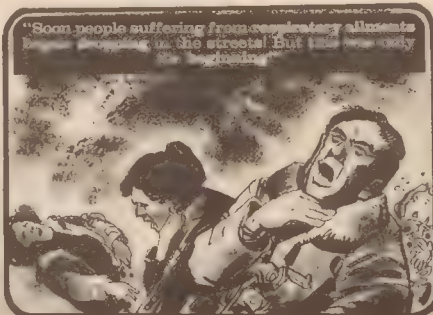
"As everyone knows, the government, bowing to public opinion, outlawed atomic power over a century ago. Many people thought this would make our world a better place to live. It has not!"



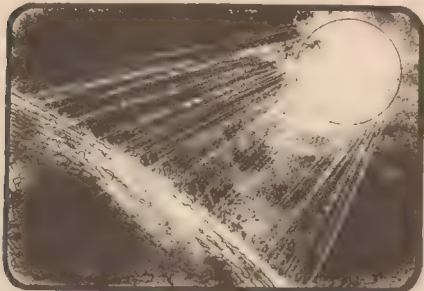
"Soon the skies were filled with black, sulfuric smoke from coal-burning furnaces. As the years passed, and the government kept slashing the Solar Energy Commission's budget, more coal burning plants were put into operation."



"So coal production was stepped up. Our most abundant natural resource was called upon to save the day!"



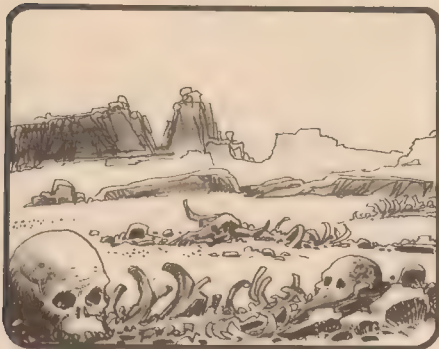
"For centuries the Earth's atmosphere had been **raped** by industrialization! Finally it was learned that the **ozone** in the atmosphere had been dangerously **depleted**. **Ozone**, as you know, is a natural **shield** that prevents harmful **cosmic rays** from striking the Earth!"



"For a while some half-hearted attempts were made to **stop** the destruction of Earth's natural shield. But the legislation which had been passed to **save** the Earth was **suspended** to allow the increased use of fossil fuels!"

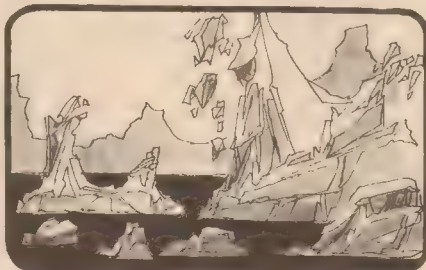


"The effects of the fossil fuels soon became apparent...first in the areas around the **equator** where we saw a rapid increase in **skin cancer**...a cancer unlike **any** with which our medical community was familiar! A cancer we were unable to successfully **treat**."

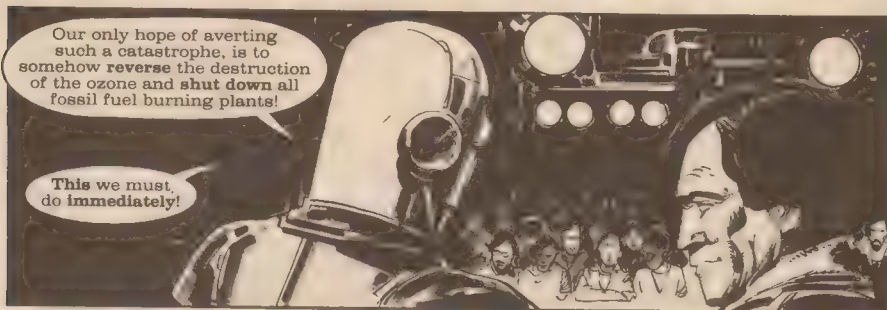


"Finally, only twenty years after the first reported cases of the new cancer, the increased radiation began to slowly **kill** all life on Earth! Entire **countries** were lost. The southern portion of the United States became a barren, lifeless **wasteland**!"

"Which brings us to the **present**! Recently an increase in the **carbon dioxide** within the atmosphere has been noted. It is creating a dangerous **hot house** effect over the entire planet! The temperature of the Earth is slowly **increasing**! And we expect some **melting** of the **polar caps** to begin before the end of this century!"



"That means, of course, that every land mass on Earth will soon be **under water**! It will be the end of **all life** on this planet!"



Our only hope of averting such a catastrophe, is to somehow **reverse** the destruction of the ozone and **shut down** all fossil fuel burning plants!

This we must, do **immediately**!



That brings us to the **Aeroclean Project**. Its purpose will be to launch a spacecraft into a close Earth orbit and to **reseed** the atmosphere with ozone!



The **first launch**, in three months, will be a **test!** If that mission is successful, then we expect to begin **widespread reseeding** by the middle of next year!



It all **sounds very promising**, Mister Director. But what will Earth use for **energy** with all the fossil burning plants closed?

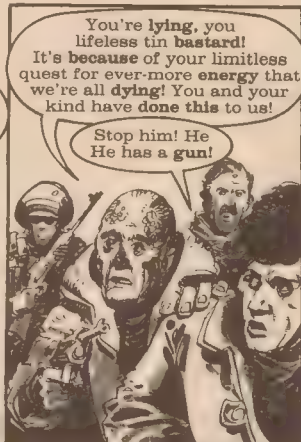
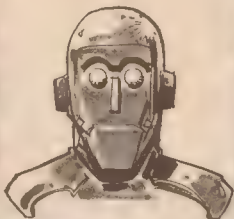
We will have to begin at once to repair and reopen the old **nuclear** power stations.

Does this mean **Solar** power is being abandoned?

No, but we need energy and we need it **now!** It will be both **quicker and cheaper** to revive our **nuclear** power systems!

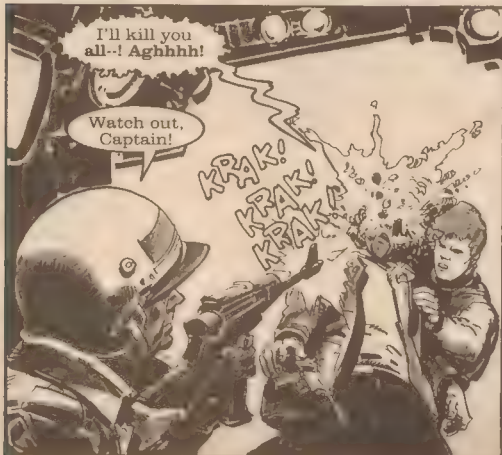
You're **lying**, you lifeless tin bastard! It's **because** of your limitless quest for ever-more energy that we're all **dying!** You and your kind have **done this** to us!

Stop him! He has a **gun!**



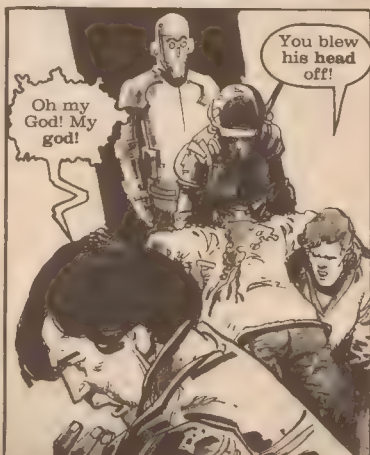
I'll kill you all--! Aghhhh!

Watch out, Captain!



Oh my God! My god!

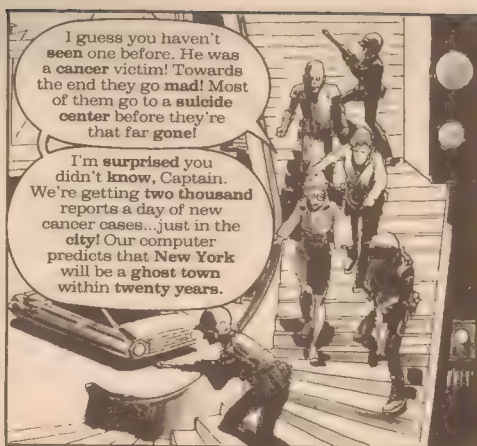
You blew his head off!





This way... quickly! There may be more of them!

More of what? What's going on here?



I guess you haven't seen one before. He was a cancer victim! Towards the end they go mad! Most of them go to a suicide center before they're that far gone!

I'm surprised you didn't know, Captain. We're getting two thousand reports a day of new cancer cases... just in the city! Our computer predicts that New York will be a ghost town within twenty years.



It'll never happen! We'll stop this scourge before then!

Even if you stopped it tomorrow it would be too late for too many!



I'm terminal now!



Don't give me any bureaucratic propaganda, Director! Tell me straight! Will the Aeroclean Project work?

Our computer projects that within eighty years the ozone level will be restored and the hot house effect reversed! But...

But?

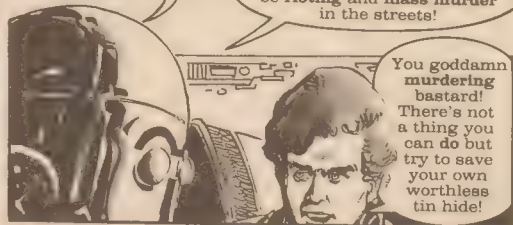


All land mass not under water, will be desert! The surface of the Earth will be unable to support life!

If it's hopeless, why the pretense, Director?

To distract the people's attention from their own dismal fate, they are being fed false hopes with the Aeroclean Project!

If they knew the truth, they would revolt. There would be rioting and mass murder in the streets!



You goddamn murdering bastard! There's not a thing you can do but try to save your own worthless tin hide!



What's wrong, Colin?  
You haven't said a word  
all night long. And you've  
hardly touched your food.

You've been brooding  
about something ever since  
you returned from New  
York last week!



I'm sorry, love!  
I just can't get what  
I saw in the city out  
of my head. Things,  
topside, just ain't what  
they used to be!



Things are  
bad everywhere!  
Just listen to the  
newscasts...!

Screw the  
newscasts!



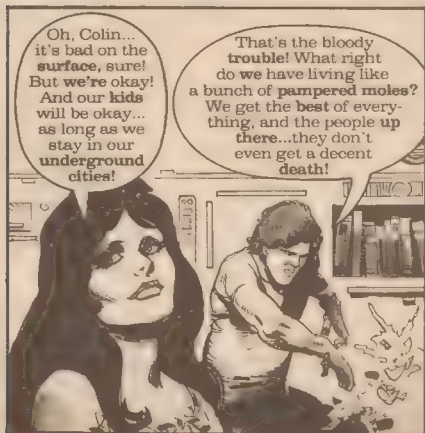
It was unbelievable!  
People rotting from  
cancer...air so thick  
with smut that you can  
almost shape it with  
your hands!

And all because  
the government  
backed down to a  
lunatic fringe  
group a  
century ago!



Oh, Colin...  
it's bad on the  
surface, sure!  
But we're okay!  
And our kids  
will be okay...  
as long as we  
stay in our  
underground  
cities!

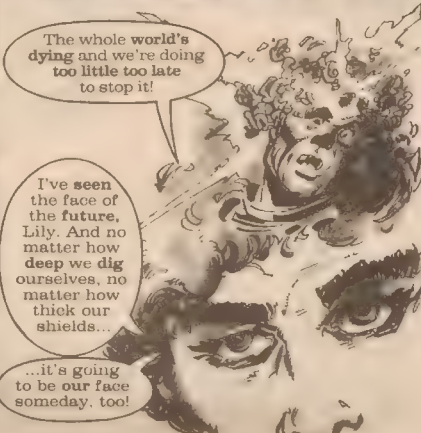
That's the bloody  
trouble! What right  
do we have living like  
a bunch of pampered moles?  
We get the best of every-  
thing, and the people up  
there...they don't  
even get a decent  
death!



The whole world's  
dying and we're doing  
too little too late  
to stop it!

I've seen  
the face of  
the future,  
Lily. And no  
matter how  
deep we dig  
ourselves, no  
matter how  
thick our  
shields...

...it's going  
to be our face  
someday, too!



Three months later.



It's beautiful launch folks. **Aeroclean One** is rising into the early morning sky, the first of many such missions which will mark the beginning of a return to the Earth our grandparents knew.

It'd better **work**, goddammit! I've taken all the shit I'm goin' to from the government!

Hush, Walter. If the police should hear you--!

All systems are go, Captain Maxwell. We should be in a close Earth orbit within the next five minutes.

Good. Sparks, report back to Earth that the launch was a **success**! Tell them that we'll be entering orbit shortly.

Aye, sir!

Skipper! I'm picking up some **meteor** activity! And it's too close for comfort!

Damn! A one in a million shot. We've got a hunk of rock stuck in the ion exhaust core!

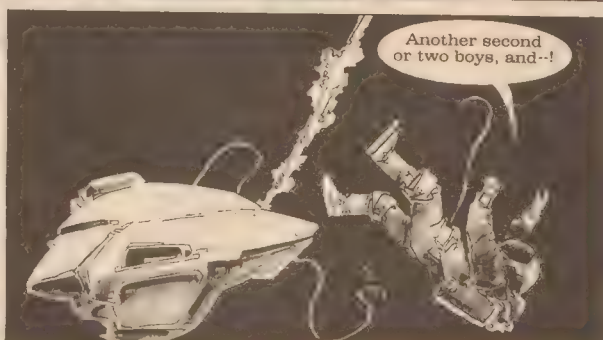
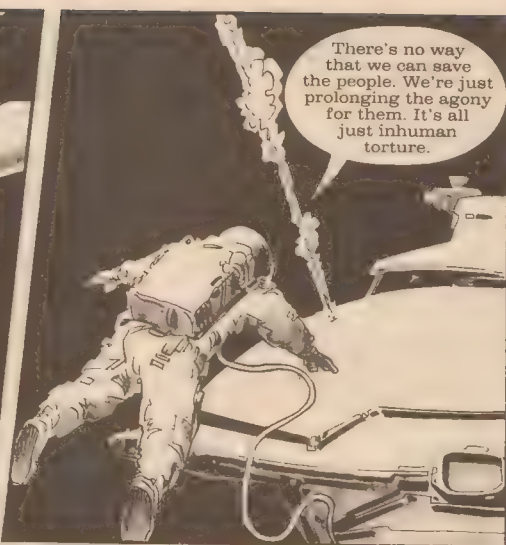
If that hole doesn't get plugged in a hurry we're all deadmen! The ship will explode!

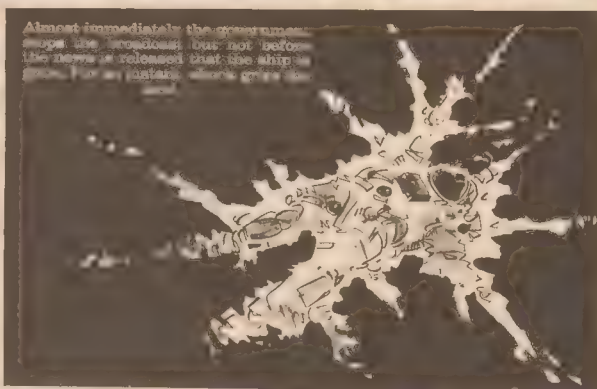
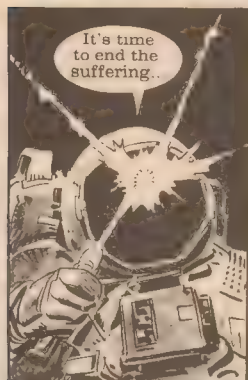
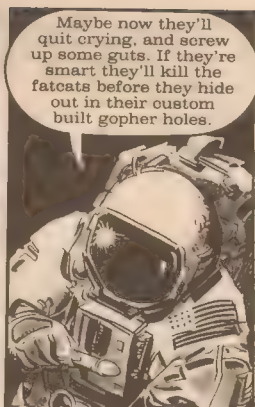
Get the airlock ready. I'll have to get outside to repair the rupture.

You've got five minutes before the pressure builds up and explodes, Skipper

Plenty of time boys.













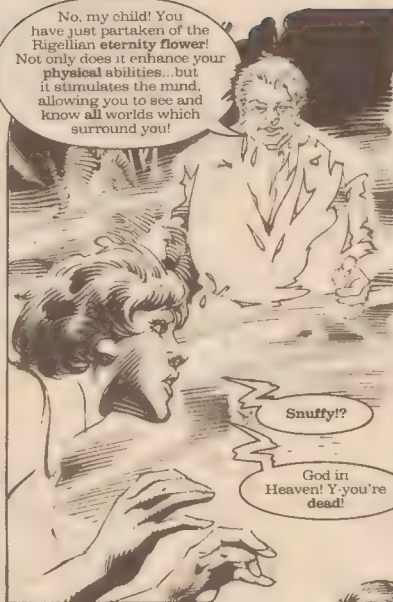




Cassie...!  
I...I feel funny!  
E-every nerve in my  
body seems to be  
tingling!

And in my mind!  
Good god, Cass! What  
did you give me?

Was it  
some kind of  
hallucinogen?



No, my child! You  
have just partaken of the  
Rigelian eternity flower!  
Not only does it enhance your  
physical abilities...but  
it stimulates the mind,  
allowing you to see and  
know all worlds which  
surround you!

Snuffy!?

God in  
Heaven! Y-you're  
dead!



It's true, child!  
Yet, my spiritual essence  
lives on! With your expanded  
consciousness, you can see  
and feel that which exists  
upon my plane of existence  
as well as your own

Know  
that I  
am with  
you in  
what you  
are about  
to do,  
child!



I and Drago  
and the family slain  
so brutally, so  
senselessly!

We will be with  
you as you face those who  
so viciously ravaged and  
stole our lives!

Together,  
we will reap  
vengeance!

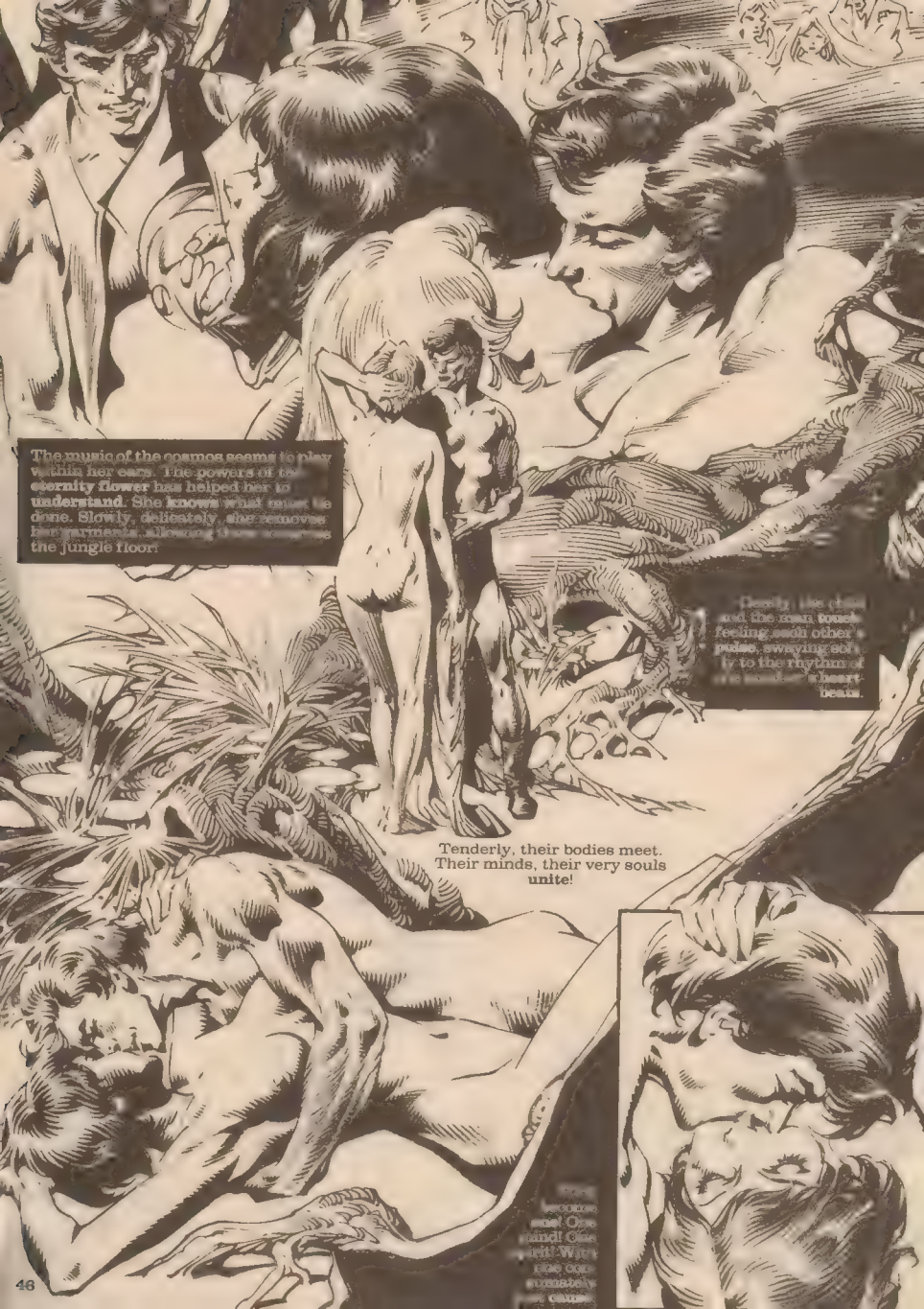
Oh, Snuffy!



Come, Steamer!  
There is one more  
thing we must do to  
prepare our bodies and  
souls for the coming  
confrontation!



We must  
purify ourselves...  
cleanse our spirits  
of doubt and  
frustration!



The music of the cosmos seems to play within her ears. The powers of the eternity flower has helped her to understand. She knows what must be done. Slowly, delicately, she removes her garments, allowing them to drop to the jungle floor.

Closely, the chest and the man touch, feeling each other's pulse, swaying gently to the rhythm of the music of the heart.

Tenderly, their bodies meet.  
Their minds, their very souls  
unite!

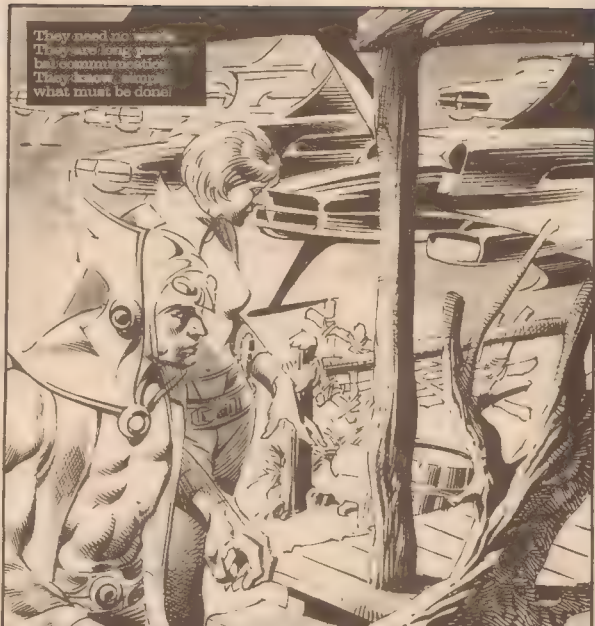
One  
and  
One  
with  
One  
are  
com  
pletely  
one.



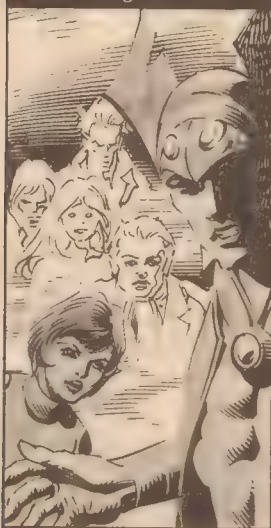
And then they are ready to undertake the mission beguiled them by a divinely intervening fate!



They need no more  
They are long past  
but communication  
They know, simple  
what must be done!



They know that they are not alone. Together they have new, new physical powers that never before were experienced. They have, too, the power of the mind, the spiritual power, in the form of the living entities!



They are not alone as they enter the killers' lair, their weapons blazing with instant death!



They know, with the eternal knowledge of the future, how the confrontation will end. And they know, too, their power and courage. For these, they have come here to face the enemy, the object of their hatred, as one man, the great leader who has understood the meaning of the death of so many innocents!

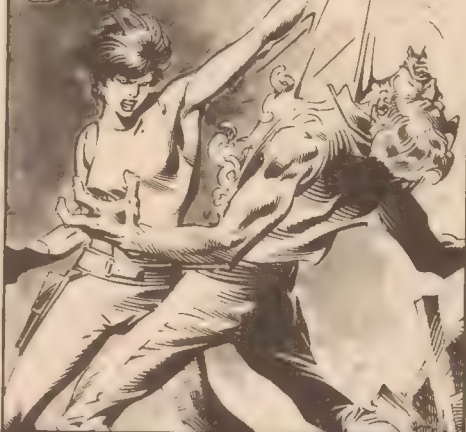


And he, without benefit of the great knowledge of the future, does not have to be told what it is that he must seek!

He knows instantly! But the knowledge in itself is insufficient to save him. For in the same instant, the blade is embedded in his groin!



SLK KKT!




And the same blade, guided by five vengeful spirits, slashes upwards the body of the man who had been the hunter, righteously, instantly ending a long and bloody career!

All the while, the hunter, guided by these same spirits enacts a terrible vengeance of his own!





He had been sent to this lawless place to deliver a message. A message for a man who believed his daughter to be in danger. A message for the town's biggest baddest killing a killer to justice!



There were  
many who  
thought you  
were a  
good man.  
But now  
you were  
dead.

**\* See last issue!**

Cassie! Don't shoot! He's a lawman!

Great novas! Who are you people? What have you done here?

This is Cassie Sludge! I'm Chris Starfire! We came here to do the job you should have done, lawman! We—!

Starfire? You...you're Sam Starfire's daughter?

You know my father? Where is he? You've got to tell me!



He was just here...moments ago! I gave him a message from the Space Academy! It said you were in trouble. He took my spacer and-!

**Cassie!** Dad's headed back for the Academy! I've got to stop him! There's danger there!

I have the same premonition, Steamer! We must hurry! There is little time!

**To be continued!**

To be continued!

# STAR WARS MAIL ORDER STORE

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**C3PO MASK!** Soft vinyl! full over the head, hand painted, gleaming gold mask of C3PO! #25005/\$26.95

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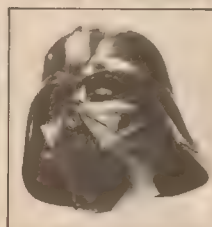
**NEW! NEW! NEW!**  
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### CHEWBACCA MASK

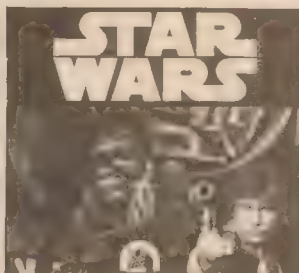


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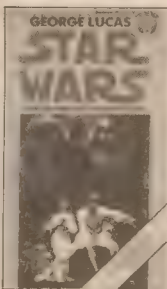
The excitement! The drama of STAR WARS can be yours! Now view selected scenes from the year's best movie in your own home. **BLACK AND WHITE SUPER 8 SILENT FILM** WITH SUB-TITLES #22121/\$10.95!

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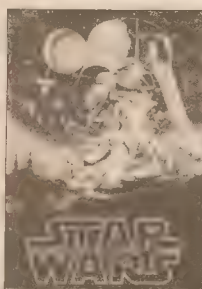
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## STAR WARS FULL COLOR POSTER

**THE SWORD POSTER** Paste this big 20"x28" poster on the wall for inspiration. A painting by Hildebrandt, it has Luke & Leia rendered in golden hues with a formidable Darth Vader glaring from the sky. C-3PO & R2D2 are there! Full color! #2990/\$2.00



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# baby makes three!

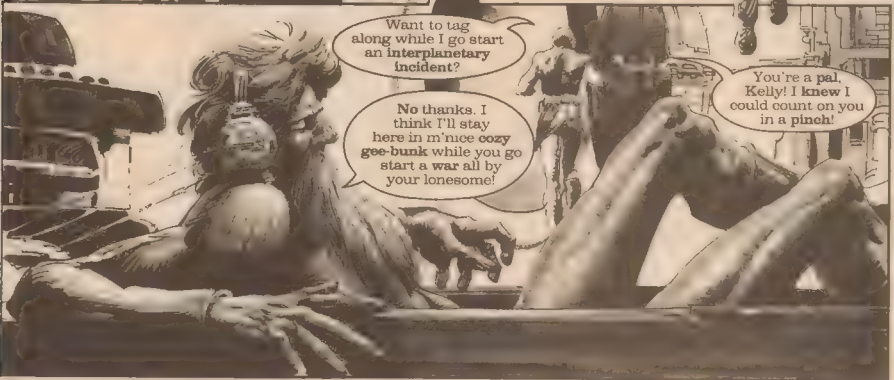
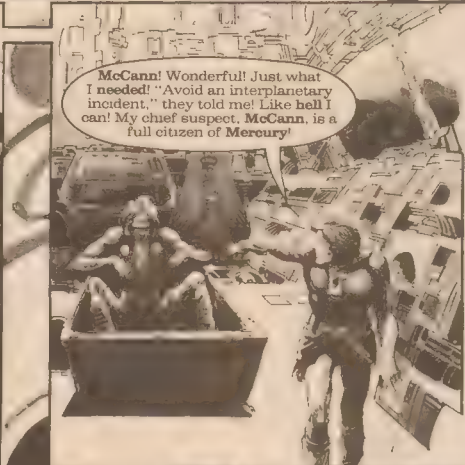
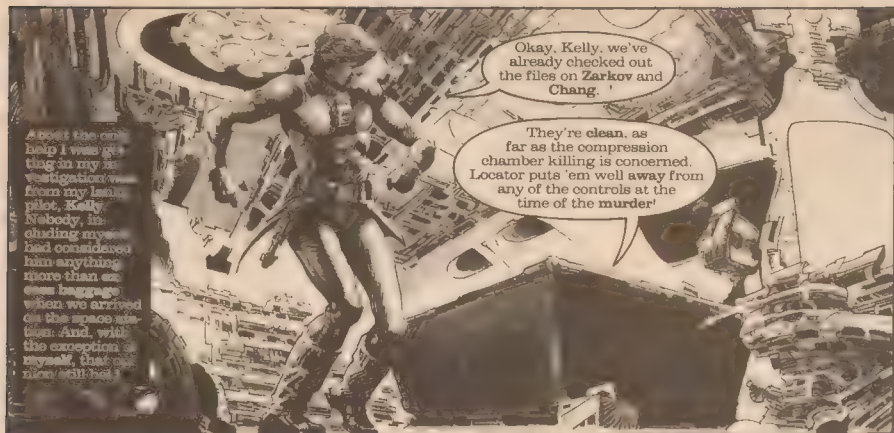
Men have always died in space! It is an integral part of man's nature to die! And if he happens to be in between worlds when it happens, then so it goes!

But no one, anywhere,  
deserves to be murdered!

[illegible]

ed him, had been murdered!







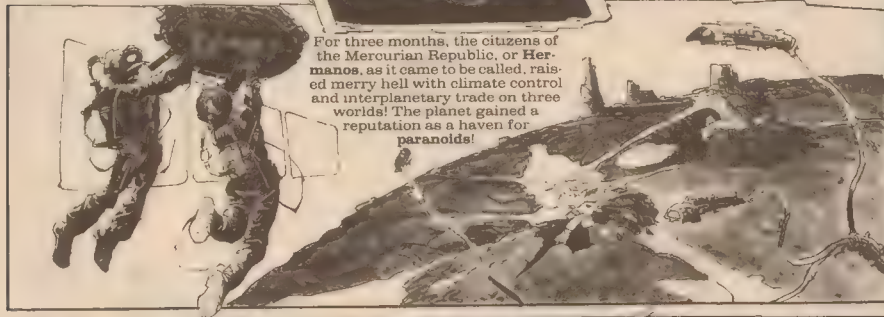
To understand Mercurian psychology, you've got to understand Mercury. Almost fifty years ago, the miners on that god-forsaken world were told to become self-supportive...or die trying.

The world was a general junkpile then! There were no light elements for fusion, no heavy elements or radioactives...nothing but iron and sunshine. Lots of sunshine! Better than six times Earth normal, with no atmosphere to screen out the nastier particles in the solar wind, or the ultraviolet radiation! So the Mercurians did the only thing they could!

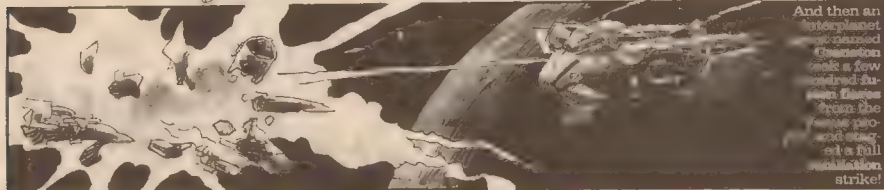
Their cities all went underground, shielded from the cruel sun! And they set about selling iron and power to the other planets in the solar system! And then, some genius lowered the boom!



...and decided that the underground city was better referred to as 'Mercuria', and demonstrated that the colony remove such military installations! In addition to my, the colony was the first great interplanetary war was on!

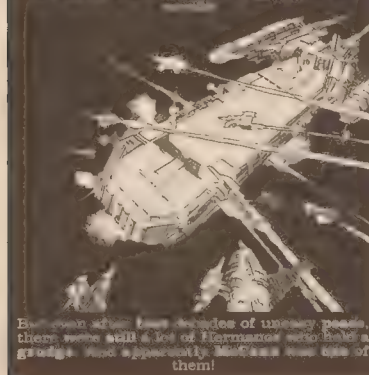


For three months, the citizens of the Mercurian Republic, or **Hermianos**, as it came to be called, raised merry hell with climate control and interplanetary trade on three worlds! The planet gained a reputation as a haven for paranoids!



And then an interplanet... struck... a few... from the... a full... strike!

The war was over in a matter of hours...and **Comet** was installed as head of **UNIFORM**, the planet's first... of a new...

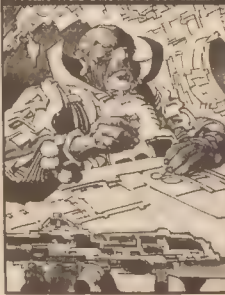


Even after two decades of uneasy peace, there were still a lot of Hermianos who held a grudge. And apparently McCan was one of them!

Yet, all that background research still didn't shed any immediate... which was McCan



What was he doing out here in the... a black hole... 'What harm... intentions... that was the only... a mind... inventions. What was out here for him?







I escaped the urge  
by escaping McCann,  
informing him, in my most  
messenger tone,  
that we had seen  
you, concluded our  
business!

It was then that I  
met into Doc  
Crawford, who  
seemed mildly  
perturbed over  
some problem or  
another in the  
observation bay!

You look busy, Doctor.  
I hope your headaches aren't any  
where as big as mine!

I can't be sure.  
Turner! I just found  
these mathematical equations  
down by the compression  
chamber. Someone must  
have left them there  
accidentally...

What are  
you saying,  
Doc?

...someone  
who, no doubt,  
wants to use our  
black hole out  
there, for his  
own ominous  
purpose!

Look here!  
This appears to  
be a rough  
diagram of a  
high speed  
particle  
striking a  
nucleus of  
some sort!

Wait a minute! I thought  
you people were out here study-  
ing 'Baby,' not using it to  
blow up the system!

Well, we do take  
advantage of the black  
hole's tremendous gravity  
for other methods of study. We  
can put particles in close orbit  
around the hole, and then drop  
more down to circle in the  
opposite direction

They collide at just  
a smidgen less than light  
speed. It makes an  
incredible little atom  
smasher!

Still...  
there's  
something  
about these  
notes that  
bothers  
me!

What's  
that?

I can't  
figure out  
who would  
be working  
on this  
kind of  
experiment  
...or why!

It was disturbing, indeed!  
Only one more thing to  
complicate my already  
tumultuous life!

Hey, Turner! How'd  
the inquisition with  
McCann go?

Don't  
ask!

That bad  
huh? Well,  
you'll never  
guess who I  
was just  
talkin' to.  
Or at least  
trying to  
talk to!

Don't tell  
me! You split  
the diet  
platter with  
McCann!

What did  
he say?

Aside from, "pass  
the salt?" I asked if  
he'd read any good  
books lately. And he told  
me it might not be a  
bad idea to brush up  
on my Kozarinov.

Kozarinov?  
Can't say I remember  
the name!

"Basically, Kozarin's fighter is one space-age jet  
 construction couldn't develop if they had a nice,  
 safe world to fall back on!"

And people think I'm crazy!

This was beginning to get annoying. It wasn't just that McCann was pushing kook books around the station...! That I could handle! But coupled with the knowledge that someone was actually working on a way to blow up half the system...or maybe just Earth...the implications were downright sinister!

Bad as things seemed to be, they took a turn for the worse. The machine's power source had started up and the compression chamber was about to explode!

I may have a break for you, Turner! One of the technicians from the compression chamber claims he may have seen something the night your agent was killed!



It's not that I couldn't use a break in the case. I dearly could! But when I saw the technician coming at me like all the demons in Hell were after his ass... I knew that our problems were anything but far from being over!



The poor bastard never had a chance to answer. The detonation device in his I.D. collar instantly used as a great incentive to keep the troops in line, turned his head into red mush!

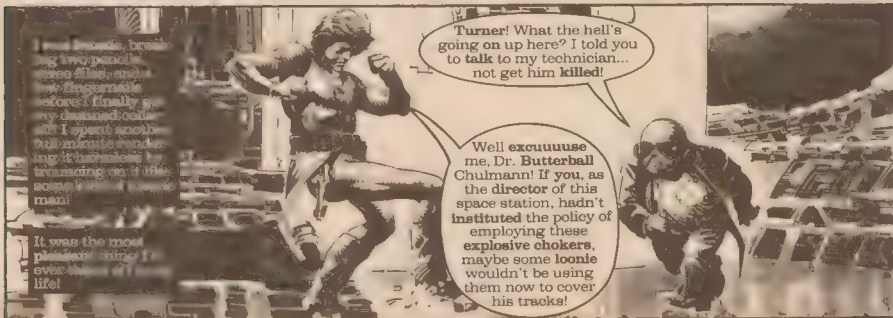


If it indeed was McCann detonating the previous charges, and he knew that I was early here, it was only a matter of time before he'd find mine!

If I'd have known that McCann was going to be so reckless, I would have brought my umbrella!



Time was like a dream from that point onward. Not that a nightmare. I could not believe McCann at the detonation, and not trying to figure out which button I'd have to push to save my top!



Well excuse me, Dr. Butterball Chulmann! If you, as the director of this space station, hadn't instituted the policy of employing these explosive chokers, maybe some loonie wouldn't be using them now to cover his tracks!

The difference between a good cop

It's your greaseball head that ought to be ripped from your shoulders!

Okay, Turner  
**Okay** You've  
made your  
point!

Now if you'll just stop trying to strangle me, maybe you'll let me tell you what I've learned from the rest of those notes I found in the compression chamber!

Thus had  
better be **good**,  
Chulmann!

It is! Oh, it is!  
It seems that who  
ever was responsible  
for those  
equations

After working out the equations **myself**, I've been able to deduce that someone was trying to figure out what **trajectory** to use to fire the station's **gravity telescopes** to impact with Earth'

**Whaaat!?**  
Chulmann...if  
you're **wrong**  
about this

'Trust me,  
my son' Would I  
lie to you?

That's all I need  
for a couple of hundred  
ton **weights** to go zipping  
down on the home office  
at **lightspeed!**

Point nine nine  
nine lightspeed, if  
my calculations are  
correct

That amounts to a kinetic energy of over a million megatons of T.N.T. on impact'

Each

I've got  
a funny feeling  
they are!

Good  
God!

Er... don't look **now**, boy, but I think we got a **problem!** Security reports that some awful **heavy equipment** has been loaded onto the compression chamber elevators... and is headed down towards **Baby!!**

They also say McCann ain't no where to be found!

Oh, shut! Then it's **started!**  
That madman is going to **bomb** the  
Earth using **Baby's** massive  
gravitational pull as a space-  
aged **slingshot** for his weapons!  
I've got to **stop him...now!**

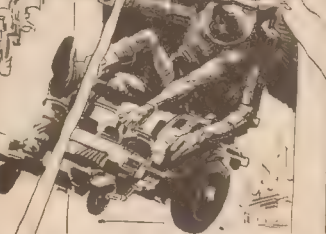




The world, when it exploded, almost sent me  
hurling through the air. I was so close to the  
center of the explosion!

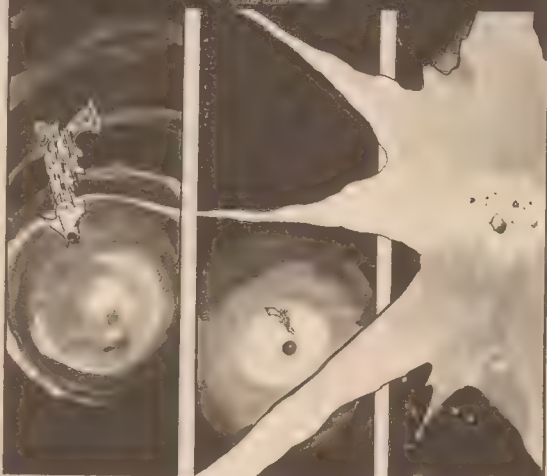
It was pretty obvious that he was a  
billionaire. He was wearing a suit that many  
people would have expected to see in a  
restaurant. He was looking at me with a  
disdainful expression. He was a man of  
some means. He was a man of some  
means. He was a man of some means.

**KATHWOOM!**



Instead, all he got was my gun.

For some reason, we both stopped and watched the gun spin madly in  
the air. I was so close to the center of the explosion!



It was only then  
that I realized  
the danger I was  
in. I was so close  
to the center of  
the explosion!

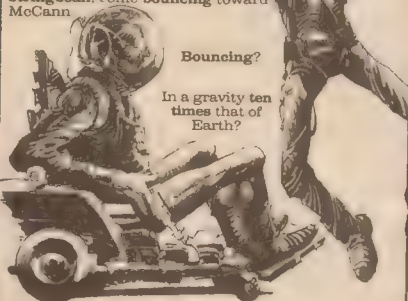


Fascinating, isn't  
it, Turner!? But don't  
worry! You'll be with  
your gun soon  
enough!

I knew he was right.  
Without a weapon, I  
was at his mercy. I was  
shitting green and the  
blood was starting to drain  
from my brain when, suddenly,  
from above us, I saw someone  
faintly resembling a human  
stringbean, come bouncing toward  
McCann.

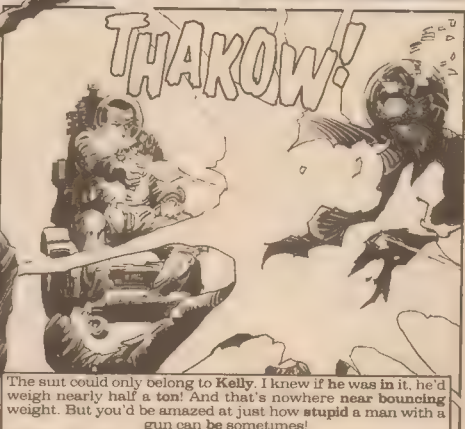
Bouncing?

In a gravity ten  
times that of  
Earth?



**THAKOW!**

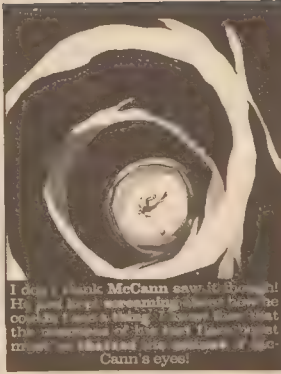
The suit could only belong to Kelly. I knew if he was in it, he'd  
weigh nearly half a ton! And that's nowhere near bouncing  
weight. But you'd be amazed at just how stupid a man with a  
gun can be sometimes!



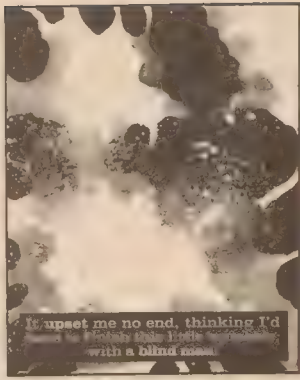




*[Faint, illegible markings]*



I do think McCann saw it. He  
He...  
could...  
the...  
m...  
Cann's eyes!



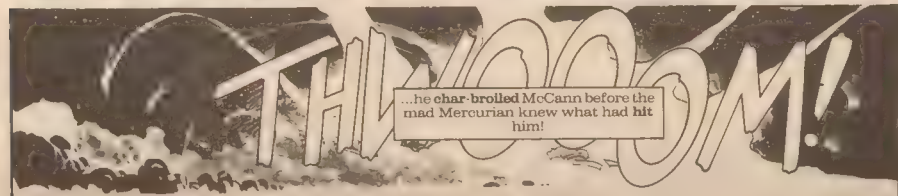
It upset me no end, thinking I'd  
 been a fool my whole life, and  
 with a blind man.



**I** have been thinking  
of you a lot lately.  
I hope you are well.  
I hope you are happy.  
I hope you are successful.  
I hope you are loved.



N-nooooo!



...he **char-broiled** McCann before the mad Mercurian knew what had **hit** him!

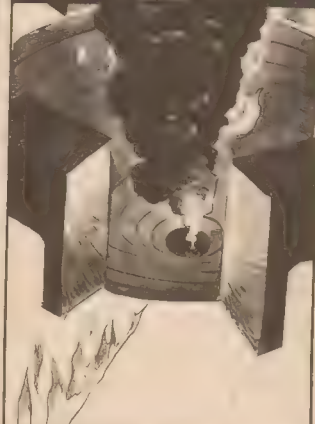
I had the only front row seat in the house when Kelly's spacer started going 'boom!' I screamed in helplessness, knowing the dumb bastard was sacrificing his life trying to save mine! It was an uneven exchange... a dozen UNICORN agents weren't worth the life of a boy who died like Kelly!



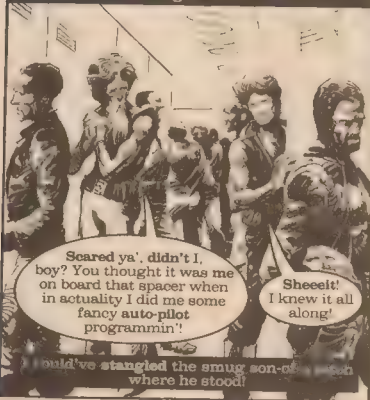
I could do nothing but stare in shock and remember what Chameleon had said about debris that had been swallowed by Kelly. I knew these jets will be exposed to extreme amounts of heat and radiation.



"Then, tidal forces will overpower even the most stable bonds holding the molecules together. The atoms will then be stirred under the swirling



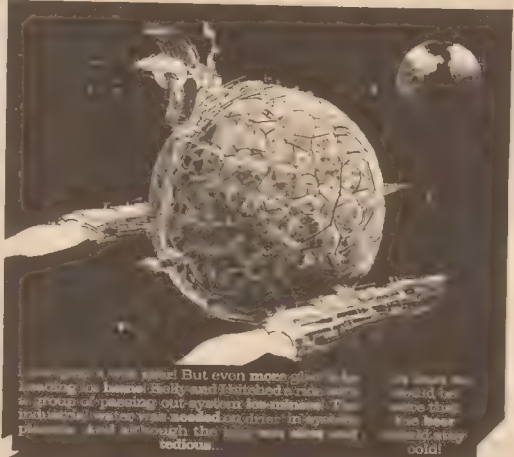
Naturally, all my gut-wrenching remorse was for nothing! When we got back to the main station, Kelly was waiting for us with the biggest, meanest grin!



Scared ya', didn't I, boy? You thought it was me on board that spacer when in actuality I did me some fancy auto-pilot programmin'!

Sheeelt! I knew it all along!

I could've stangled the smug son-of-a-bitch where he stood!



But even more... cold!



For a definition, you go to a

For an explanation, you go

But, if you're looking for a crazy story on almost any inane subject, there's only one place to go...

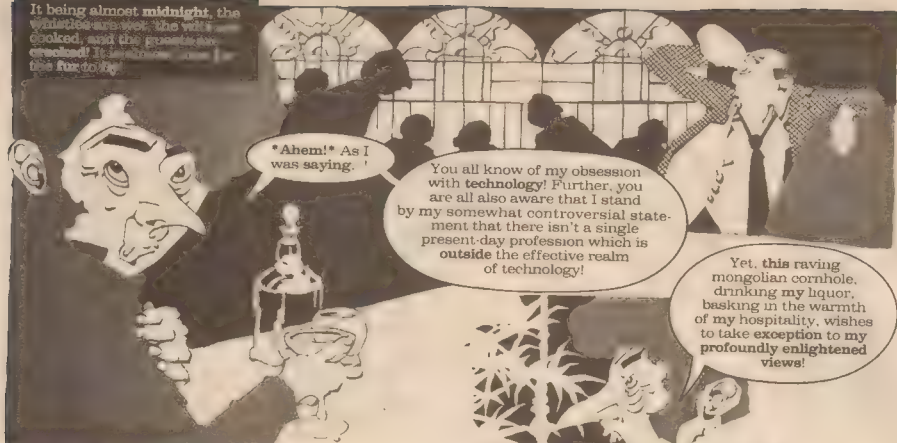
...one of Rudy Merwyn's parties!

Rudy somehow manages to keep an ear to the ground on almost every topic, and has enough Masters and Doctorate degrees to choke a giraffe [Rudy disagrees, by the way. He claims it would take 127.]

Tonight's party is much the same as all of Rudy's fests! He has been challenged on his experience. And if he can astound his challengers, they will, more than happily, pick up the tab for the bash!

# FRUIT OF THE GRAPE!

It being almost midnight, the  
whistles are set, the wine  
cooked, and the guests are  
cracked! It is time for  
the fun to begin!



\*Ahem!\* As I  
was saying.

You all know of my obsession  
with technology! Further, you  
are all also aware that I stand  
by my somewhat controversial state-  
ment that there isn't a single  
present-day profession which is  
outside the effective realm  
of technology!

Yet, this raving  
mongolian cornhole,  
drinking my liquor,  
basking in the warmth  
of my hospitality, wishes  
to take exception to my  
profoundly enlightened  
views!



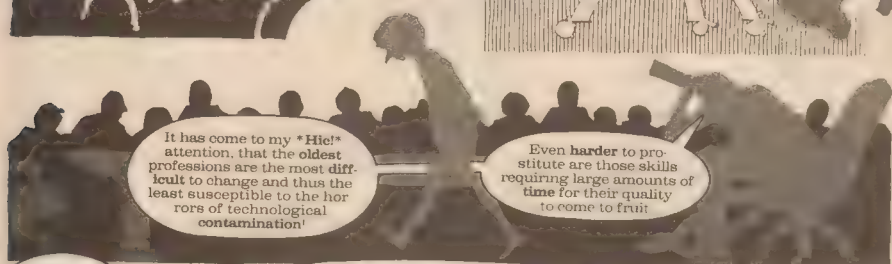
He claims, if  
you can believe  
this, that I, Rudy  
Merwyn, am in  
error!

Are you ready,  
sir, to plead for  
mercy? Speak now, or  
your ass, as they  
say, shall be  
mine!

I'm as  
prepared as you  
are, Merwyn!

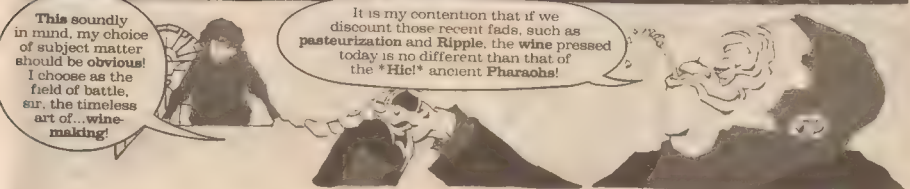


I then  
greedily  
await your  
challenge!



It has come to my \*Hic!  
attention, that the oldest  
professions are the most diff-  
cult to change and thus the  
least susceptible to the hor-  
rors of technological  
contamination!

Even harder to pro-  
stitute are those skills  
requiring large amounts of  
time for their quality  
to come to fruit!




This soundly  
in mind, my choice  
of subject matter  
should be obvious!  
I choose as the  
field of battle,  
sir, the timeless  
art of...wine-  
making!

It is my contention that if we  
discount those recent fads, such as  
pasteurization and Ripple, the wine pressed  
today is no different than that of  
the \*Hic!\* ancient Pharaohs!



There was a long wait! Almost a tenth of a second, as they let the tension thicken the air.



Oh shit! I was afraid you were going to say something like that!

"The family winery and three fourths of the family lands were sold. Yet, unable to purchase the one brother's interests, and further daunted by his stubborn little private winery, the huge corporation began to display an enormous interest in the name which brother number four was using on his wines!"

"After all, they'd bought the family **name** as a **trademark**.' And if the hold out brother's **name** was on his wines, as well...**shit!** There'd be **legal problems** up the ass, what with **two** different companies, producing two different wines with the same **label!**"

"Well, to edit a rather long and tedious story, brother number four's tiny little winery shakily made it through two years of existence! And I, having shakily arranged for a week of **camping** upstate, was surprised, as you might imagine, to receive a **subpoena** in the middle of the Adirondacks!"

**New York**

**"It seems that in a family**  
 where the father is a **pep**  
 lover, the mother is a **pep**  
 lover, the children are **pep**  
 lovers, and the family  
 is a **pep** family,  
**ed soft drink company!**"

"Now I admit I know something about wine! But I didn't know anything about the particular wine fermented by the tiny rogue brother winery, or why they wanted me to appear in court on their behalf."

I didn't, that is, until I ran into my old friend, brother number four!

Ted, old buddy! What are you doing here today? I haven't heard from you in a coon's age!

Sorry to have dragged you up here like this, Rudy. I need you to save my winery!

Hey! Rudy!

Ted?

sense now.

Hear ye! All will rise in the case of the People of the State of New York versus Brand X Wineries

Ours is a simple charge your honor: **Illegal Advertising.**

Would you care to explain, Mr. Prosecutor?

Just take a look at the label on the bottle, Your Honor!

Note that the label claims that this wine has been aged twelve years!

Well, Your Honor, how could a company only two years old, without purchasing any but their own grapes, produce wine aged over such a period?

The fact is, Your Honor, that they cannot!





"After I'd heard the prosecuting attorney's opening statement, I knew instantly why I'd been subpoenaed!"

Your Honor, my clients have been accused of a **serious** infraction, which I intend to prove is **untrue!**

Further, once the truth in this matter is **known**, I believe it will revolutionize the wine industry in this country! Er... **judge!**

Oh... uhhh! Y-yes! Yes... go on with your statement, Mr. Merwyn!

Basically, under the right conditions of **magnetic flux**, you can get a **radioactive** element to decay faster.

Recently, the **Department of Defense** was very interested in turning the **radioactive** elements of enemy **warheads** into lead! They commissioned me to create a device which would render such miracles an everyday reality!

How's your mind set for math, Your Honor?

Oh dear, this isn't going to involve **relativity**, is it?

No, sir! This is more of a problem in **quantum physics!**

I gave them one!

But...but wouldn't such a weapon be top secret??

'Fraid not. It seems that the D.O.D. wanted a unit which can zap an incoming warhead in **four of five seconds!** The best I could do was to get the decomposition rate of radioactive elements up to ten **trillions** times normal.

That's ridiculous!

For a weapons system, yes. You'd need to be another **ten billion** time faster to convert **uranium** to lead in five seconds

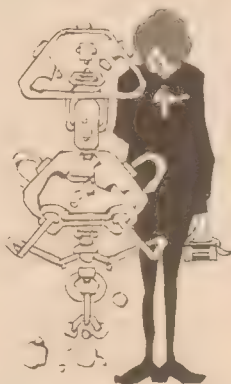
But as for my device's other uses, I thought it best to have a **demonstration** right here in the courtroom!

Hmmm! Quite acceptable! The defense hereby subpoenas the **watch** of the Prosecuting Attorney!

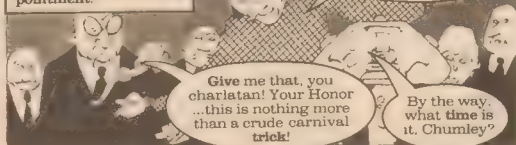
M-my watch! But... why?

So you'll see there's no trickery, Your Honor, I submit to you the blueprint of my device as **Exhibit A**.

"With much dramatic ado . I switched my marvelous invention on! The powerplant whined, the capacitors clicked, and suddenly everybody forgot it might blow up (which it wouldn't)! They just had to see it for themselves."



"Ever notice people are always quiet at a special effects display? Of course, the moment it's finished . there's always utter disappointment!"



Give me that, you charlatan! Your Honor ...this is nothing more than a crude carnival trick!

You will note that the radioactivity of the watch is now a pitiful remnant of that before the test began

By the way, what time is it, Chumley?



Why, you disgusting little-! You broke my watch!

Could it be the battery?

"But the real fun didn't start until after the courtroom drama had ended and I was confronted with the true losers of the case... the execs of that soft-drink company who had failed in their efforts to harass brother four!"

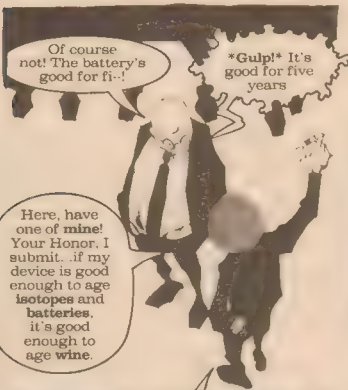


Okay, you've got the invention, and it works! Shall we go in there now and, since you've got a monopoly on time machines, file an anti-trust suit? Or do we work something out?

"I countered their animosity with my own smiling benevolence!"

Gentlemen! Gentlemen! There's no need for threats! You can have my device for the asking

And... if the price is right, of course!



Of course not! The battery's good for fi-!

\*Gulp! It's good for five years

Here, have one of mine! Your Honor, I submit, if my device is good enough to age isotopes and batteries, it's good enough to age wine.



I rest my case!

"And it rested victoriously





...And in consideration of the upcoming King Henry VIII Festival, we should aim for nostalgia

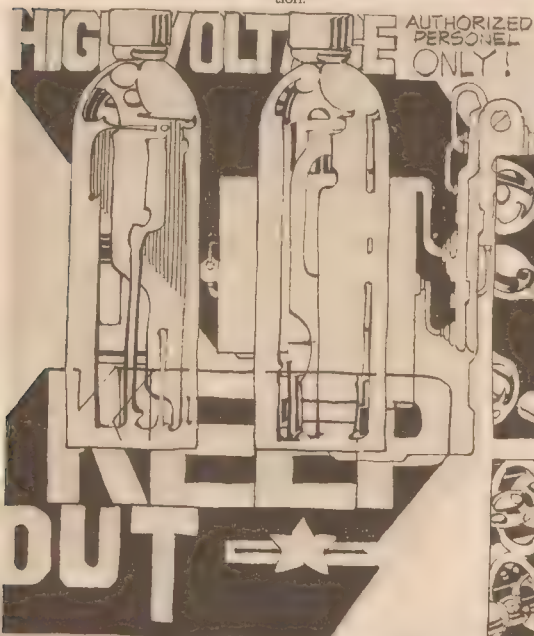
...with a set of 350-year-old wines!"

"It turned out that they wanted to use their **biggest** warehouse for storing the soon-to-be-ancient wine."

"There are some things they didn't count on, however. And what with them paying me only for my machine, and not as a consultant...well, I didn't think it was my place to volunteer information!"



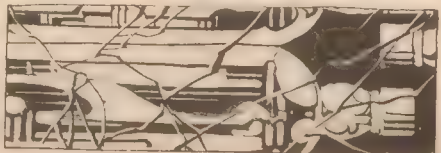
"The shit, of course, hit, the fan at zero hour!"



"You see, all those little old winemakers wanted to do was age their wine in the fastest manner possible. The theory being that old is always better than new!"



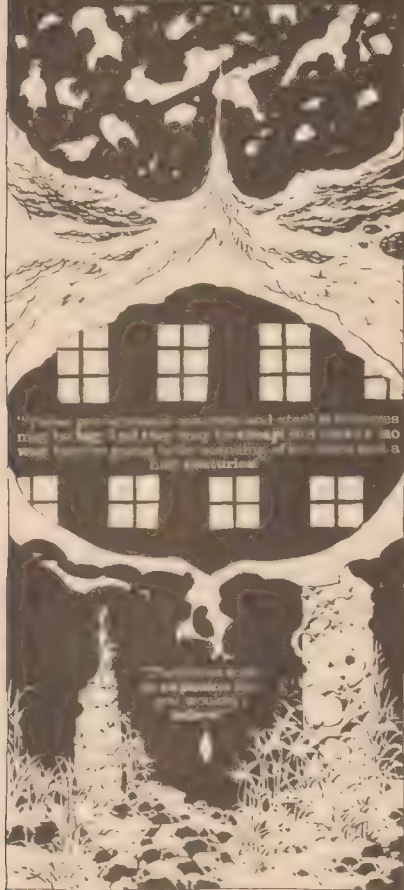
"So...that's what my little machine did! In a matter of milliseconds we had an entire warehouse of three hundred and fifty-years-old wine!"



"Yet, three or four hundred years of dust can put quite a strain on normal glass."

"Especially if you pile it on in a tenth of a second of so...!"

"Wine bottles are very much like unstable atoms! Let one fall and the whole world is in a state of confusion!"



Sir! I don't care whether you believe me or not! But after you share a glass of this with me...



"As I understand it, the accident wiped out most of the conglomerate's capital! So instead of going bankrupt, they sold the land to guess who? Yep! My friend...brother four!"



And, at last report, he's doing fine, making wines in the "old fashioned way."

Do you expect to believe that ridiculous story, Merwyn?



...you won't remember what you wouldn't believe!





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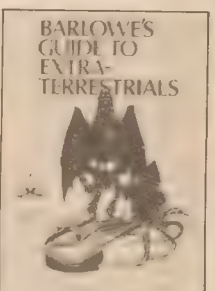
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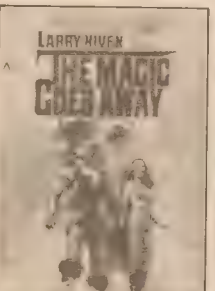
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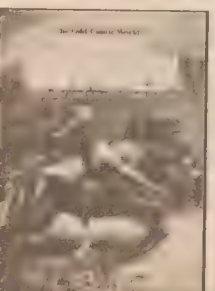
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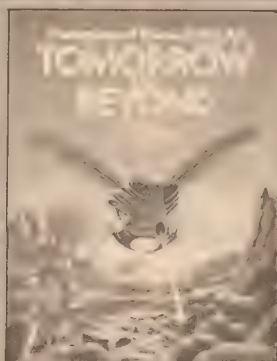
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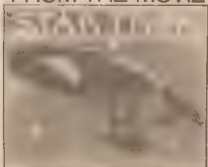


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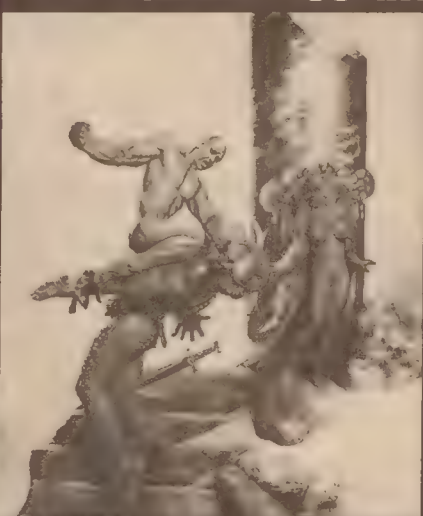
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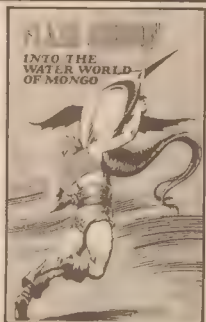


**CORBEN POSTER** Incredibly colorful Corben bursts forth in this huge new 16 1/2" x 22 1/2" poster from the November issue! This is Durr as the savage paragon of the crown combat! Printed in the richest colors available today, without any type on the artwork whatsoever! #29044/\$2.25

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